

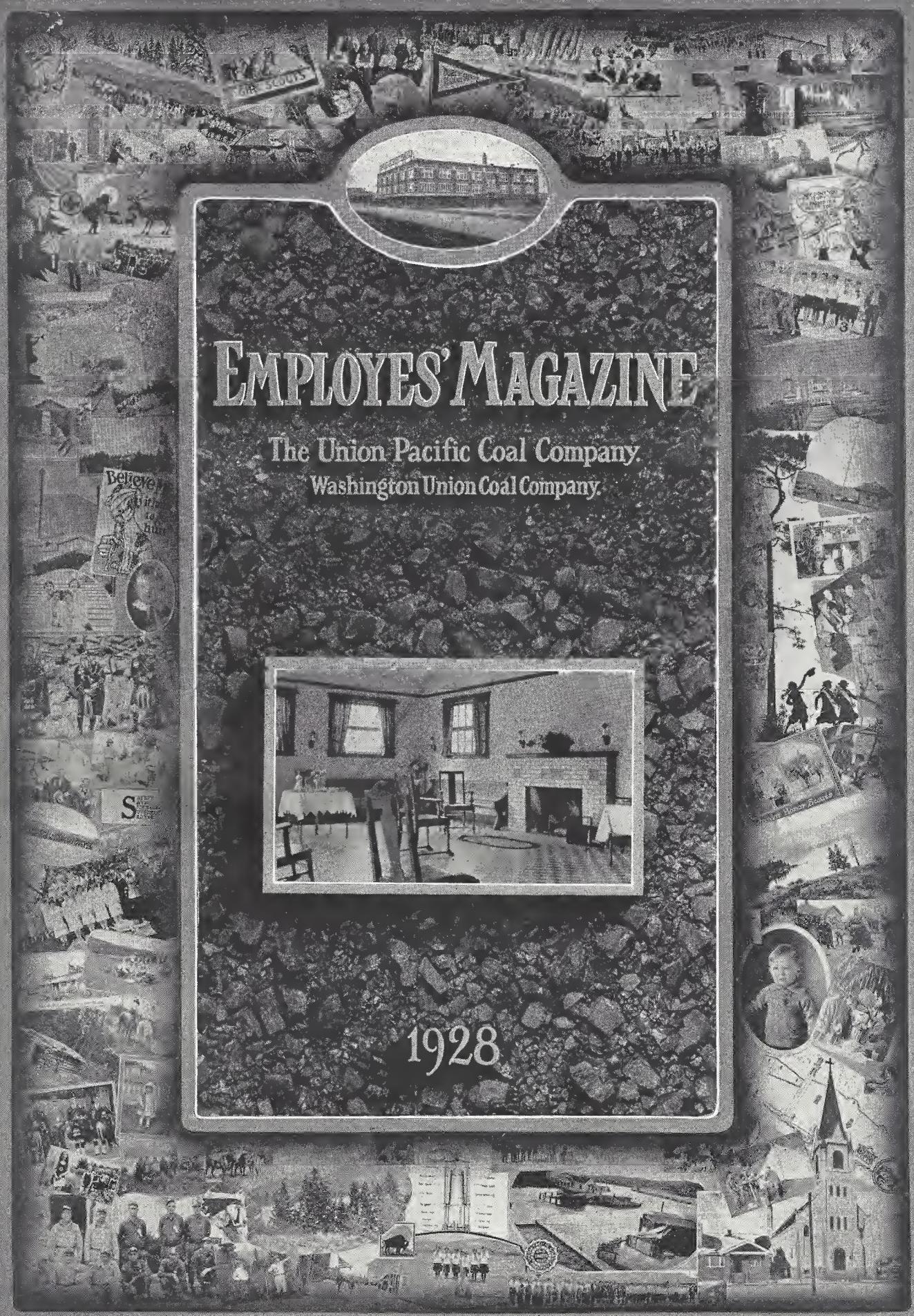


EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

The Union Pacific Coal Company.
Washington Union Coal Company.



1928





*F*OREST LAMONT

— of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, has, as *Tannhauser*, just escaped from the wiles and enchantments of Venus, and is about to present himself to his former sweetheart, Elizabeth, and take part in the singing contest for which her hand in marriage is the prize.

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Tannhauser

Words and music by Richard Wagner

OF ALL Wagner's operas the one whose story we will consider this month is that best known to the music loving public as we might distinguish it from opera going folks. The overture is often used as an orchestral selection and on the concert stage vocal numbers from Tannhauser are popular.

Someone has said that the libretto of Tannhauser, written by Wagner too, is almost flawless. And in any case it is inspiring and has all the picturing advantage of a mediaeval setting while it deals with a theme which belongs to all the ages—the redeeming power of love and a woman's devotion.

The Story

The Knight of Song

CENTURIES ago, before the Christian faith and the realness of it had driven the belief in gods and goddesses away, Venus who had been worshipped as the Goddess of Love became an evil witch. And the most uncomfortable thing about witches is their ability to seem beautiful and kind and good when they are in reality wicked and terrible. Venus had that power.

She lived in a cavern on the Hill of Venus and used to watch for men whom she could enchant and keep imprisoned within her caves—to forget their duties and homes and the fine things they had always planned to do. And once captives they live in a rosy and unreal world and never saw the sun or moon or grass, nor had a chance to realize again the force and beauty of the out-door world.

One day while Venus was watching and waiting near the entrance to her grotto she saw a knight coming slowly over the mountains. He was young and handsome but he looked unhappy. Now Venus, as we have remembered, was a witch and knew who the handsome boy was. She knew

his name was Tannhauser and that he lived in Thuringia and that he was a knight.

In those days there were many minstrels. Minstrels wrote their own songs, both the words and music and very clever ones would sing on any subject without preparation just as in old Greece poets read their own poems to their friends. And the King of the country was fond of music and had popularized it by conducting contests and song tournaments. Even knights laid aside their swords and spears for the harp.

Tannhauser was one of the knights who sang and was, with his close friend Wolfram, one of the sweetest singers and harpists. They were both fond of the Princess Elizabeth and Elizabeth secretly loved Tannhauser.

But Tannhauser was not entirely happy. He was a knight, and only men of high purpose became knights, and somehow it seemed to him that honors and joys had come to him too easy; he wanted something to conquer, something unattainable, he really knew not what.

He made himself and Wolfram unhappy and presently left in a fit of anger and soon, as we have said, found himself at the entrance of Venusburg.

Her witch's ugliness was hidden behind a smile and Venus looked what she used to be, the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Come in Tannhauser," she said, beckoning to him. "There's wonderful music in my world."

And because he was wandering purposelessly Tannhauser followed her in. As he did so the stone closed behind him and even the memory of his other life vanished.

He thought he'd found true beauty and happiness. He was a subject of Venus and gladly served her. His soul, sensitive to music, found harmony in the deep blue lake as the waves washed the shore and elves and sirens swam about.

The Employes' Magazine is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of the employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company, and their families, and is distributed to employes free of cost, subscription price to other than employes, \$1.50 per year.

Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employes' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Company, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Jessie McDiarmid, Editor

But after a year a change came over him. Something of his old restlessness returned and he somehow knew himself for a slave of the goddess-witch. He grew silent and unhappy. His urge to do had asserted itself and, we can't help thinking, his urge to do unselfishly, else how had he become a knight.

Venus knew he was less content and tried to distract him with new pleasures. Concerts were given which far excelled the concerts of earth. She praised him and asked him to sing to Venus and to her beauty. Then he sang to Venusburg and its attractiveness. But real song is of the heart and presently he was singing a plea for freedom, almost against his will:

"Tis freedom I must win or die,
For freedom I can all defy.
In rose hued grottos I am longing
For all the soft wood zephyrs thronging,
For visions of fair heaven's blue,
The song of birds, the old earth's views!
Come life, come death, forth would I go
To taste of human joy or woe.
No more in slavery would I lie,—
Oh queen, Oh goddess, let me fly!"

Venus was angry but, hiding her disapproval spoke softly.

"Where would you fly? What do you desire?"

"I want only freedom," said Tannhauser sadly.

"Of what use is freedom? Here you are immortal. And the earth has forgotten you."

"Still I would go. Please queen let me go. I want to do something that will meet this longing in my heart."

Then Tannhauser did a very foolish thing. He promised that he'd remember Venus, and sing only her praises if she'd let him go.

"Go then you ungrateful mortal," said Venus.
"Go and endure the trials of earth."

And presently Tannhauser found himself on a grassy knoll under the blue sky and with bright sunshine streaming down upon him. And his past came back to him as clear as the sun.

He looked across the valley and there was the castle of his King where he'd competed in song—and where Elizabeth lived. A pang smote him as he remembered her graciousness. Everything about was sweet and spoke of his life as a knight. A shepherd called his sheep with a pipe and they followed him. Pilgrims on their way to Rome sang a penitential song and, as he listened to them, Tannhauser felt for the first time the weight of his sin turning aside from the path of duty which all knights swore to follow. And since in Germany there are holy crosses by the waysides, he fell in remorse before one and prayed earnestly for forgiveness.

While he knelt the King and a hunting party came riding along. The King recognized the kneeling knight and asked how he was and where he'd been.

"In strange lands your majesty," answered Tannhauser sadly. "I went in search of many things and found them not. I must go away again now."

But the King insisted on his accompanying them back to the castle and to celebrate the return he proclaimed a Tournament of Song with the special dignity attached to it that Elizabeth should award the prize.

That evening, before the guests had arrived; Elizabeth, who had heard of Tannhauser's return, went to the Minstrel's Hall. It was a large circular room and Elizabeth wished to personally see that it was in order and to perhaps, as her heart confessed, catch an early glimpse of the returned knight.

Fair and beautiful was Elizabeth and if she'd been pale with continued anxiety she was flushed now with animation as she prepared for the songs.

So Tannhauser saw her as he, too, came early to the Hall.

"Princess,, forgive me," said Tannhauser as he knelt to her.

"But you mustn't kneel to me," said Elizabeth. Only tell me where you've been so long."

"Wandering from your dear presence, and between yesterday and to-day a veil of oblivion is dropped. I only know now that it was the thought of your dearness that arose in the strange land and brought me back."

The King came in and smiled on them because he was fond of Tannhauser.

And the old life was open to the knight and not closed as Venus had said.

The trumpets blared out the announcement that the contest was to begin in the hall now filled with singers and guests, members of the court. The King and Princess had taken their places on a dais at one side of the hall. Nobles and ladies had passed by, bowing before taking their seats.

Singers were announced and each one did obeisance and then took the place assigned to him.

The King made a speech. The songs were to be love songs and the composer of the finest one should receive a prize from the Princess—might ask what he would, finished the King in a burst of generosity inspired by the gathering.

Wolfram sang first. There was a profound hush as he rose and began to sing in a low clear voice about unselfish devotion and chivalry. Wolfram had long loved Elizabeth but, realizing that she cared for Tannhauser, had yielded place in favor of his friend. Now from his heart came a song of the nobleness he himself had exhibited.

The hall resounded with applause. The song was beautiful and carried the conviction of reality.

Tannhauser sang next. He began to sing of love but as he sang he came again under the influence of the unnatural life he'd lived in Venusburg. And, scarcely knowing what he did, he sang of the pleasures that had been planned for him in the grotto rather than of any devotion on his own

part. He could think of nothing but himself, could remember none of his knightly vows and purposes.

When he began everybody listened intently. As he proceeded with his strange theme they were amazed and presently one minstrel sprang to his feet and shouted:

"The theme you sing is false. We will not hear it in silence. It casts a slur on all knighthood. I challenge you to combat."

He was loudly cheered and there might have been a duel had not Wolfram started to sing. He reproached Tannhauser kindly, then sang of devotion and ended with a pleasing refrain in praise of the love to which they all aspired.

But Tannhauser, under the spell of contest, the upholding of his theme as well as under the recurrent influence of Venusberg, interrupted his friend to sing again of Venus.

"Hail, gracious goddess! Fount of every pleasure!

Thy mighty power shall still be sung by me!"

Then as a last outrage in the face of knightly men and a noble and worthy company he flung out a fearful challenge, an insult.

"Faint-hearted; would ye taste love's keenest raptures,
Away; swift to the Hill of Venus haste."

The assembly was in horrid confusion. Knights demanded of the King that Tannhauser be slain. The ladies left the hall. All but Elizabeth who, shaken and weak, still watched. The King agreed with the knights. Tannhauser must be slain. Even Wolfram drew his sword, ready to strike.

But Elizabeth rushed forward and threw herself in front of Tannhauser, pleading for his life. "Back! Back!" she demanded and, as astonished and horrified they did so, Elizabeth sang:

"Who then are ye that ye should be his judges?
Would ye destroy his only hope of heaven?
Do ye not know that God loves the sinner too?"

Knights are knightly. Why should they seek his death? If Elizabeth could forgive. They hesitated. And Elizabeth sang again:

"I plead for him! Let not his soul be taken!
By long repentance let his soul be tried,
Till faith returning shall new hope awaken—
Even for him Christ our Redeemer died!"

The King agreed that he should be saved—on condition that he start at once on a pilgrimage of penance to Rome—and that, having disgraced knighthood, he go dressed as a pilgrim. Even now, the King told there was a group of pilgrims

assembling in the valley and Tannhauser must join them.

To Rome thou now must journey
In lowly pilgrim's dress,
There kneel in dust and ashes
And all thy guilt confess.
Beseech him who hath power
Through God to pardon sin
But never turn thou homeward
If thou no pardon win!

As Elizabeth thanked the King she turned to find at her feet the penitent Tannhauser who was now himself and released from Venus' spell. The vision of the grotto which had held him spellbound during his song had passed leaving him broken and miserable, remorseful and wretched. Tannhauser was not a coward and cared not that his life had been in danger but again as she plead for him he'd had a realization of the strength of Elizabeth's love. Crushed with his remorse he started out for Rome. And Elizabeth, left desolate, went to her home to watch for his return. And always, Wolfram guarded her tenderly as each evening she prayed at a garden shrine.

The wound deep in her breast still burning,
For him she prays with ceaseless yearning,
Pleading with Heaven by night and day,
Oh perfect love, that naught can slay!

One year passed slowly by. Then the pilgrims returned. As they came and long before they were in sight their song could be heard:

"The grace of God to the sinner is given
He too shall dwell with the blessed in
Heaven
Nor death nor hell can him dismay,
Therefore we'll praise our God alway!"

Weary and travel stained but with joyful faces the pilgrims crowded home. But Tannhauser was not with them.

And the sun had set and twilight was deepening before Wolfram saw him coming, footsore and weary. Wolfram questioned him. Had he been to Rome? Were his sins forgiven? Yes, he'd been to Rome he answered, the sincerest penitent of them all:

"When through the green and pleasant
meads they wandered,
On stones and thorns I trod with naked
feet;
When others sought the fountain's cool-
ing waters,
I only drank the summer's parching heat."

"And were your sins forgiven?" asked Wolfram. "You see how I return," said Tannhauser. "The Holy Father had absolved the others but he turned from me. He said he'd as soon expect his staff to bud and grow green leaves as to have a knight who'd so forgotten his duty forgiven." So you see I am accursed."

"But," said Wolfram, "Elizabeth prays for you. I've heard her every evening. Such prayers must be answered."

"Elizabeth! Ah, dear Lord have pity!" said Tannhauser from his heart.

And just then a funeral train, escorting the body of Elizabeth who had died praying for him passed slowly by. Tannhauser, exhausted, lay in Wolfram's arms. And Wolfram beckoned the bearers to draw near, Tannhauser leaned his head on the dead Elizabeth's arm and prayed again.

And as Wolfram supported him thus the valley was flooded with light and a belated group of pilgrims came into sight, jubilant over the news they brought from Rome. After Tannhauser's departure a miracle had happened in Rome.

The withered staff the Pope did bear
Hath blown in leafage fresh and fair,
So he whom toils of hell did bind,
Mercy and pardon yet shall find.

Elizabeth's prayers were answered. And again murmuring her name in adoration Tannhauser died as the funeral train led by Wolfram the singer sang of pity and pardon, infinite and eternal.

Run of the Mine

District Autonomy In Mine Wage Making

THE action taken by the Policy Committee of the U. M. W. of A. at Indianapolis, July 19th, which resulted in the abandonment of the so-called Jacksonville wage agreement, and the final dissolution of the Central Competitive Field as a basis for making nation-wide bituminous coal wage scales, establishes a new situation within the coal mining industry.

The Jacksonville scale has its origin in the recommendations of the United States Bituminous Coal Commission and which took effect December 1, 1919; this agreement, however, broken by the mine workers, who in the summer of 1920 instituted a series of strikes in Illinois, Indiana and elsewhere, with the result that an addition of \$1.50 per day was added to the day wage rate, the amended agreement first signed at Cleveland, Ohio, by a few operators later extending to all Union fields, taking effect August 16, 1920. Such was the origin of the present basic mining rate and the \$7.50 basic day wage scale.

In 1924 the agreement of August, 1920, was renewed for a period of three years. This action was taken at a joint meeting of miners and operators representing the Central Competitive Field, Wyoming, Washington and Montana arranging a second interim agreement after the failure of the

miners and operators to agree at the meeting held in Miami in February, 1927.

In 1918 the Union reached the peak of control, its membership producing 71.7 per cent of the nation's bituminous coal and 100 per cent of the anthracite. Slowly but persistently thereafter the Union production sagged, until in 1925 a careful survey showed but 33.2 per cent of bituminous coal mined by Union labor, more recent figures indicating not more than 20 per cent of soft coal is Union mined. In 1924 some 350,000 Union miners were engaged in mining bituminous coal; not more than 150,000 Union men are now so employed.

The history of the shrinkage in Union influence can be traced to the malfunctioning of the industry, for which both operators and miners are wholly responsible. The industry has always been of a speculative character—one easy to get into and equally easy to get out of. The mines in the past furnished a sure source of employment for thousands of men who came to America for their economic betterment. A man speaking a strange tongue, with only the labor of his hands to sell, instinctively seeks the company of those of his blood and who speak his language. The mines, the steel mills, and the worst side of our great cities drew these men, and unfortunately in too many cases they quickly became the prey of avaricious employers and equally predatory labor leaders. To a great extent the history of the treatment afforded the men who made up our immigrant class contains much we would like to forget. No man who is friendly to labor can say other than that the mine workers, in turn with other crafts and under the influence of vicious propaganda and leadership, became intoxicated with the power that came to them during the war and post-war periods. In the last analysis it is all the people who must govern, and the challenge flung at the 115,000,000 people who make up this great country by the 600,000 mine workers on December 3, 1919, marked the beginning of the downfall of the Union. With the strike of the winter of 1919, the nation in the throes of a world-wide epidemic of flu which cost a total of 600,000 lives, a number equal to the Union's membership, the American people resolved to place themselves in a position where churches and schools would not be closed or streets darkened and industry checked at the will of less than one-half of one per cent of our citizenship.

The strike of 1919 likewise struck a new note in the established non-Union fields, each of which thereafter experienced a steady expansion of business, culminating in the present situation whereby but 20 per cent of our bituminous coal is Union mined, the various districts in Nova Scotia, British Columbia and Alberta, Canada, whose wage agreements followed those of the Union fields in the United States, sagging into non-Unionism, with a

serious loss of tonnage. The nation's production of coal, formerly doubling each decade, settled into a stationary position; boiler and domestic economies, the expansion of electric power and the greatly extended use of fuel oil, and in the northwest, wood, taking up the natural increase in demand heretofore experienced.

As the situation now stands, each District will establish its own wage scale and working conditions, on a basis mutually satisfactory to the operators and mine workers concerned, the District Representatives and National Officers to co-operate in the carrying out of the new arrangement. There is a definite place in our social structure for the labor organization; without such, individual selfishness would run to extremes. Unfortunately the mine workers' Union, like too many on the ownership side, has depended too much on what has been referred to in a polite way as direct action; the better name, violence, of which murder and the destruction of property are a definite part. That day is over, and if the mine workers' Union is to survive and expand, it must resort to a soul cleansing process, each and every man within its membership resolving to enter into the deliberations of the Union, throwing the demagogic disturber out—not only of office, but likewise of membership; writing into the Union creed the principle that loyal, conscientious, productive service will, and will alone, command fair treatment, seeking through lawful means the correction of the abuses that selfish employers will in places continue to inflict upon the worker.

In 1923 the Union men of Washington took counsel of men without the industry, the members of the United States Coal Commission in particular, with the result that approximately one-half of the shrinking mine man power of that state remained within the Union. If better judgment had prevailed and the findings of the Arbitration Board, which was organized under the recommendations of the U. S. Bituminous Coal Commission, of which Mr. John P. White was a member, had been adopted, as recommended on July 22, 1920, that state would doubtless be producing 100 per cent of Union mined coal today.

It is useless for man to attempt by artificial means to ignore economic law; this rule applies to mine workers as well as agriculturalists. There is no short road to wealth for more than a few, and they who seek such usually find that the law of compensation squares the account; some way and some how, in the long run. A few months ago an English college professor covered the whole theory of successful citizenship in the following words:

"History shows—and history has no deeper lesson to teach—that the institutions that last longest, that link human beings together in the most abiding and beneficent fellowship, are those that rest upon a *fiduciary basis*, those that embody a tradition of trustworthy service, those that gather

to their service a continuous succession of honourable and loyal men—an historic church, for example, a university, a scientific fraternity, the medical and legal professions, and, in the field of economics, such institutions as banking and mutual insurance. These are the institutions which, while not exempt from decay, last longest, gathering vitality as they go, becoming not weaker with age, but stronger and more beneficent, in contrast with institutions that rest on force or coercion and begin to decay from the moment they are set up. There is a correlation between the lastingness of an institution and the fiduciary character of its service."

Such is the new concept that labor and employer must alike accept, and the one quoted is peculiarly applicable to the coal mining industry.

Some days ago we passed through a portion of the great Southern Illinois Coal Field, the territory in which the revolt that led to the recent shift of policy originated. As we rode through several Illinois mining towns we noted the well paved streets, comfortable homes with shade trees, lawns and flowers, all very largely owned by mine workers. Many of these homes were closed while the owner is absent working in the non-Union coal mines of Kentucky and West Virginia, or in the manufacturing industries of Detroit. We passed by wonderful mining plants, idle, grass and weeds covering the mine yard and tracks. In Ohio and Pennsylvania conditions are infinitely worse, and the problem that now confronts operator and worker alike is that of trying to rebuild what more than four years of strife and bad judgment has torn down. The coal industry must find itself, and the way out lies in the elimination of demagoguery of every character. The individual is so much of a factor in the successful operation of a coal mine that, by the application of more modern methods of mining, akin to the advances made in the transportation and manufacturing industries, supplemented and reinforced by hearty, loyal service, success can be obtained, and that without the establishment of wage scales such as now exist in many non-Union fields. There is neither necessity nor justification for a beggar's wage in an industry carrying the toil and hazard that goes with the work of mining coal. Has the industry the capacity to render justice unto itself? Such is the question that now confronts it.

The Doctrine of Negation

ORGANIZED labor has for long suffered from the too frequent use of a policy of opposition to all change, and while it has never prevented any substantial trend toward change from taking place, yet thousands and thousands of workers with their dependents have been kept in a state of upheaval as a result of this unfortunate opposition toward growth, for growth is after all what change really means.

While there are good, capable men, men of vision, courage and high integrity occupying positions of labor leadership, candor compels the

statement that little real thought is given by the rank and file to the ability and intentions of those who seek leadership in local Union managerial affairs. Too often the blatant irresponsible, who can make the maximum number of shifty promises, is "given a chance" to make good; and thereafter the same individual by the use of his one asset, talk, is able to keep his name on the Union pay roll, his stock in trade chiefly that of tearing down what more responsible thinking labor leaders are attempting to build up, the employer, whether fair or unfair, put in the one common enemy class.

It is not the radicals outside of the Unions that made for weakness in labor organization, but on the other hand it is the incompetents within labor's ranks who have talked themselves into positions of responsibility, and who, while not entirely able to prevent labor moving forward as it continually does, do retard the march toward better things.

Labor is too big, too vital, too important, to be continuously held back and kept in disrepute by the cheap quality of leadership too often in evidence. One need but read the history of labor's progress for the past two hundred years to learn that the men who have done the most for the working man, woman and child, came from without the ranks of labor. Fifty—seventy-five years ago there was an excuse for this situation. There was then little opportunity for labor to secure sufficient education to make intelligent leadership within the ranks possible, but that day is past, and when a man seeks leadership, even in the most elementary position, the rank and file have a right—it is their duty—to demand a reasonable measure of ability in the conduct of their affairs. The class of leader who fails to lead anywhere except to the Union treasury, either reads nothing or otherwise confines his literary pursuits to the columns of the so called labor journals.

Twenty-five years ago certain industrial lines other than coal supported trade organs that never failed to glorify whatever the employer attempted, nagging, relentlessly and forever at the labor employed within the industry. The coal industry perhaps went as far or farther in that direction than did any other form of business. It is yet pouring out an occasional irritating fulmination of like character, and while business in general has improved in its spoken opinion of labor and laboring men, the great majority of so called labor papers keep up the same old endless form of knocking. They knock the government, including the President (whether Republican or Democrat); knock Congress; knock the courts; knock individuals; knock whole classes. A common offense which this class of editor is guilty of is to take some sensational rumor, refuse to secure the real facts, dress it up in emotional form, add a catchy headline, castigating the individual or corporation and thereafter, like the cuttle fish that stings and then exudes a black fluid, muddying the water so to speak, he swims away to sting somewhere else.

It is this meat upon which the noisy labor leader too often feeds.

Labor as a class is made up of law abiding, God fearing people. They are born, they marry and they die, in the usual self respecting way, and they work. They make up the nation and the church. Taken as a whole they come as near or perhaps nearer doing right than any other class we have. Labor, however, retains certain traits hard to understand except on the theory that the teaching received from the class of leader referred to and relayed through a sensational and incompetent labor press such as we have described is responsible. Labor asks for just laws and the correction of abuses, yet when its Apache members commit the most heinous of crimes they rally to the defense of the criminal and thus make mockery of law. Such was the record in the case of the people of Colorado vs. Heywood; of the people of California vs. McNamara; of the people of Illinois vs. the Herrin murderers; the people of the United States vs. the convicted mail robber, big Tim Murphy, who was kept in labor office during his sojourn in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, only to be killed by his criminal associates in Chicago a few weeks after his parole. Labor history recites hundreds of similar cases of mistaken loyalty.

This is being written on July 4th, the anniversary of our country's independence. In front of homes, business buildings and on thousands of automobiles, the flag is fluttering in the breeze—the noise of torpedoes and cannon crackers is quite deafening at times. We have before us the Sunday New York Times of July 1st. We have read the political news, the book reviews, the essays and the forthcoming campaign forecasts, and we have marked for rereading two news items. The one dated "Flattop, Alabama," contains the following opening paragraph: "Strains of 'Swing low, Sweet Chariot' and 'All My Troubles are Over,' wafted from shafts of coal mines here today as 800 negro convicts completed their last 'task' under the Alabama convict lease system, a practice of more than twenty years standing." The second item referred to the dynamiting of the Jonesville mine shaft of the La Salle County Carbon Coal Company, located near LaSalle, Illinois, in a clash between Union mine workers.

For thirteen years the fight to end the employment of convict labor in coal mines has been carried on in Alabama, and it was only after the theory of "direct action" made use of at the LaSalle, Illinois, Mine was abandoned in Alabama, that constructive, remedial forces entered; a legislature and a governor friendly to labor and labor rights elected by the people of Alabama, pledged to take both white and negro convicts out of the mines. Better and abler leadership must come to labor if the theory of organization is to grow and prosper. The pain, privation and suffering endured by labor in past years is gone for good. It was out of that situation that men, frequently

"born to the purple," took the side of labor. There are more men and women of the same class in the world today and they will rally to every just call of labor, but the call must be voiced in the language of the law, of order, of respect for property rights. Human rights and property rights became one and the same thing when man first passed savagery.

Labor deserves a better labor press, a press edited and managed by men of ability and vision; men who can rightly appraise the high social value of their readers. Likewise labor deserves better local leadership than that it too frequently selects. We have too much "knownothingism" in labor as well as in religion, and this condition yet prevails in spite of our great national educational system.

Some Opinions On Production

WE HAVE before us three publications, two of which deal in a sense with labor relations and conditions. The first is the "Locomotive Engineers Journal" that speaks for the locomotive engineer. Under the caption "Speedup", the editor expresses his opinion of present day production methods in the following statement found at the top of the editorial page in the July issue:

"Improved machinery and speedup methods, together with the efficiency experts, are still taking their toll of American workers in the form of increased unemployment.

"United States Department of Labor reports show that factory employment recently came within a few points of the low level reached in the 1921-22 depression. Between April, 1923, and April, 1928, more than 1,250,000 factory workers were permanently laid off. Since April, 1920, factory forces have been reduced by about 2,700,000. The report also shows that there are 106,301 fewer employees on Class I railroads in 1928 than in 1927. Increased production with fewer workers seems to be the one big idea of modern business. A recent Federated Press item suggests that the speedup mania must have hit even the churches, inasmuch as they claim 573,000 new souls gained during the past year with 1,500 less ministers employed during the same period, and figures for part time work are not available.

"But more seriously speaking, there seems to be only one solution to this increasing problem and that is for labor to demand shorter hours. We cannot afford to let the process continue for long by which a million or so are added each year to the list of unemployed to make a few hundred millionaires in the same length of time. If it is going to take a six-hour day, or even a four-hour-day, to give work to the victims of the modern machine, let's go after it."

Editor Rudolph's statement is well within the class too commonly expressed by labor journal writers and of which we have ventured an opinion elsewhere in this issue of the "Employees Magazine." There is no earthly hope of betterment, if such be necessary, in any plan which supposes reduced production. The wealth of this world comes from production and it is only through a continuation of this process that greater comfort and opportunity will come to mankind.

The second article appears in "The Colliery Guardian," the leading British coal publication, issue of June 29th. From this article we abstract the following:

"In a letter which appears in the London Times of the 25th inst., Sir Richard Redmayne gives figures relating to the world's coal output from which, he says, four arresting facts emerge, namely:—

1. Our share of the world's coal output has decreased materially.
2. Our share of the coal export trade of the world has also decreased.
3. The average selling price of our coal is 4s. 5d. per ton, or 43 per cent., above the 1913 figure.

4. The working cost is 8s. per ton, or nearly 100 per cent., above the 1913 figure.

"He proceeds: 'The position, in a nutshell, is that coal is too dear and the cost of producing it is too high. Cheaper coal would mean increased home demand and increased export, and therefore increased production—the cheaper a commodity such as coal, the greater the consumption. Clearly, therefore, our aim should be in the direction of reduction in cost of production rather than continued enhancement of selling price. The two things, successful competitive marketing and low production costs, are closely related to each other.'

"As Mr. Runciman truly stated in the House of Commons on Thursday last, when pointing to the fact that the success of the five counties export scheme had been secured at the expense of Northumberland and Durham, 'artificial and incomplete organization of the coal trade, while it might redound to the advantage of one coal field, had a reflex action of a most damaging character on many others.' 'Regulation of the vend' is an old nostrum in the coal trade. It was first tried as far back as 1605, and it continued in various states of imperfection, though subject to intervals of freedom, until 1845, when it was dissolved owing to the overweening influence of the proprietors of the great (as opposed to the small) collieries. And so history repeats itself."

Sir Redmayne's statements refer to the British coal industry which received a staggering blow

from the six months strike which ended in November, 1926. Thousands of British mine workers and their families out of employment since May, 1926, have been existing on government doles and it is now proposed to pay "sick benefits" to the Colliery Companies.

The third article written by Dr. Thomas T. Read, formerly connected with the U. S. Bureau of Mines and published in the July Atlantic Monthly, reviews at length what Dr. Read is pleased to term "Disorderly Production," closing with the following statement:

"What is needed, therefore, is the investment of capital in the production of things that are not now being produced, or else being produced so inefficiently that their price is unduly high and their consumption restricted. Perhaps the most stupid misuse of words today is the phrase 'luxury equipment' as applied to automobiles, phonographs, radio sets, and a variety of other things that have only recently been brought within the reach of the ordinary man. The word 'luxury' has a penumbra of immorality about it, and is entirely out of place in this connection. Such things extend the mental and physical horizons of men and, except when they are misused (as all good things may be misused), they are worthy of respect and admiration. It is time that we thoroughly dissipated the delusion, inherited from our European forbears, that it is not good for the common people to have such.

"What we now need, therefore, is the imagination to see how the discoveries of science can be applied in the production of new things, or a greater abundance of things, that will serve the needs of everyone. If Mr. Ford had put his mental and physical energy into the coal industry or the textile industry he would not have bettered existing conditions, and perhaps would have only made them worse. He chose instead to apply it to new lines of endeavor, and has greatly benefited us all. With more such ideas, and adequate capital backing for them, the workers, released from the production of present commodities through the increase of productivity per man, will find satisfactory employment in the production of new things to enlarge the common life, and the production-control problem will solve itself."

Dr. Read brings us right to the essence of all prosperity, more production, not of the kind that can not be consumed or sold, but that which, if added to the things we now have, will make for a "life more abundant."

Value of First Aid Training

THE real value of First Aid training is hard to measure, just as it is hard to evaluate the results that obtain from traffic regulations, the Eighteenth Amendment, etc.; we do not know how much worse things might become without them.

First Aid training does enter into the mental attitude and conduct of thousands, and our Inter-Company Meet, in which the boys and girls take such a prominent part, is responsible for numerous "troubles that never happen." One of the many instances of outstanding relief rendered by First Aid men occurred at Cumberland No. 2 South Mine in the closing days of June last.

While a miner was engaged in taking down some loose top coal and rock in a steeply pitching place, the material taken down rolled down the pitch and upon the workman, who received a severe laceration of one hand, with the fracture of some of the small bones, a fracture of the left leg and the pelvis, and some of the vertebrae were also broken; very fortunately, however, the spinal cord was not injured. Under the conditions which too frequently govern in the administration of First Aid and the subsequent removal of the patient, the workmans' chances for life would be extremely small, but this man is reported as on the way toward complete recovery. How the task was performed is so well set forth in the report of the Safety Engineer, Mr. J. A. Smith, as to warrant quoting same:

"This is the finest example of the value of First Aid that we have had in the past several years. The entire Cumberland No. 2 Team (which you know is a mighty good one) was within a radius of three hundred feet from the accident with two of the members eye witnesses. They immediately set to work and every bit of their knowledge was needed to save the man's life. In treating the profound shock of the patient they used an entire bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and even then it was necessary for the physician to give two large hypodermics before the patient could be moved after getting him to the top. There is absolutely no doubt but that these men saved the man's life and that their knowledge of broken backs and use of splints prevented the spinal cord from being injured by the injured vertebrae while being removed and during transportation."

The fine work done at Cumberland by the men of the First Aid Team is in striking contrast to a recent experience in another one of our mines, where a young man receiving less serious injuries died as a result of shock due to a large extent to cold, induced by exposure and lack of prompt and aggressive medical attention.

Leadership That Leads

MR. EVAN WILLIAMS, fuel supervisor of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, in a paper on railway fuel conservation recently made the following statement:

"The human element involved in any undertaking is only as efficient, loyal and enthusiastic as the leadership under which it is working. Interest and enthusiasm are infectious and the rank and file are exposed only to the degree to which their leadership has become infected. The conservation of fuel is no exception. Executives of whatever rank cannot wink at violations of fuel-saving standards and expect efficiency from those intrusted with the actual conversion of fuel into units of heat and power. Railway executives must first be thoroughly sold to the proposition of fuel economy; they must not only believe there is something in saving a pound of coal or gallon of oil per thousand gross ton-miles, but they must be enthusiastically sold to the idea;—it must become an obsession with them before they can hope successfully to pass it on and sell it to those who report to them."

If we substitute the term "Mine Management" for "Railway Executives" and "good operation" for "fuel conservation," Mr. Williams' statement fits the real necessities of the coal industry. Perfunctory management of the industry represents one of its outstanding disabilities.

Accident Facts

SUCH is the title of a recent bulletin put out by the National Safety Council. From this vivid document we glean the following facts. They suggest that it is time for America to, "Stop, Look and Listen." The deaths by accident in the United States totaled 95,500 in 1927. We are headed for a round 100,000 this year. If we get that many victims in 1928 (and we Americans usually get what we go after), and assuming the coffins used to cover the 100,000 broken bodies average five feet in length, they would, if placed end to end, make a thin black, gray, purple and white line, 94 miles long.

The figures shown in the bulletin bring out the following important changes occurring from 1911 to 1927.

- (a) An increase of 20 per cent in total accidental deaths.
- (b) An increase of 1050 per cent in automobile deaths.
- (c) A decrease of 37 per cent in railroad deaths.
- (d) A decrease of 44 per cent in street car deaths.

We can take our hats off to the railroad and street car men. The total of motor vehicle deaths in 1927 was 25,800, an increase of ten per cent over 1926. The records indicate that in 3,163 accidents to, or occasioned by motor vehicles, the drivers were found to be physically defective or intoxicated, intoxication making up 90 per cent of this class of accident.

No person can travel the public streets or highways today without observing the repeated instances of drivers hurtling pell mell along road-

ways, crossing intersections and turning abrupt corners at an excessive rate of speed and with a total disregard of the life and limb of those who ride with him or who are compelled to share the use of public roads or streets. Of the 1927 deaths 2,371 were killed at railroad grade crossings. It is comforting to know that grade crossing accidents fell off 5 per cent in 1927 compared with 1926. You who ride on railroad trains know what — — — — — of the whistle means and how persistently the whistle must be used.

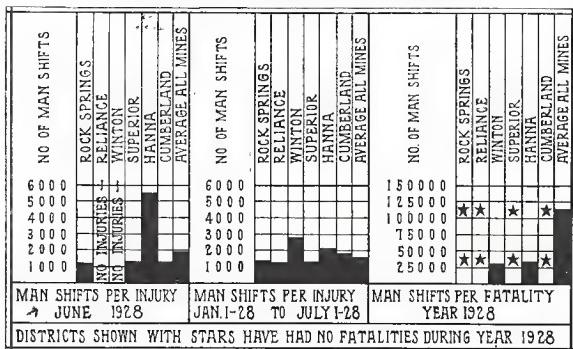
Among other causes of accidental death in 1927 drowning took some 8,000; railroad accidents 7,329, of which but 99 were passengers and 1,691 employees; aviation took a toll of 170 lives, 12 of whom were in mail transport service. Quite as many people die from accidents in their homes as in industry, the home deaths running in 1927 from 23,000 to 25,000, all figures not as yet compiled. Burns, scalds, asphyxiation and suffocation, and poisons, make up the principal causes of fatalities within the home, many of these children. Think it over, you who hurtle through life, slamming, banging your way here and there, intent only on taking on a full jag of neurosis momentum, without regard for the rights of the other man, of woman or even of child. 100,000 funerals is the mark set for 1928. This is mass production with a vengeance.

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Make It Safe

June Accident Graph



From the six mining districts during June, the month shown in the above graph, there were nineteen accidents reported; all non-fatal and with one exception, all were more or less trivial.

The accident record for June, calculated on a man shift basis, is by far the best month we have had during the present year and shows more than 300 man shifts per accident more than the next best month of this six months period.

There were 36,119 man shifts worked during the month and with 19 injured the average for all districts shows 1,901 man shifts of labor performed for each reported accident.

Reliance and Winton lead the list this month, neither place having an injury to report, Hanna being third with one accident.

A study of the accident reports shows that in practically every case a little forethought would have prevented the accident. A careless move or a thoughtless action results in an injury and a loss of time to the injured workman.

In reading the accident list this month we are struck by a number of foot and leg injuries, mostly from objects falling or coal rolling upon the feet and lower part of limbs. This emphasizes the necessity of heavy, strong shoes with stiff toe caps and possibly the need in many instances of a leather puttee.

A little more thought and careful work on the part of each employee in the mines will result in a decrease in lost time accidents, and the results of carefulness to the individual and those dependent upon him will more than repay for the expended effort.

Winton Wins Books and Pennant

For the first time since the pennant and books have been offered as prizes to the districts showing the best safety record, Winton has entered the winning column. The pennant has now been won by every district, with the exception of Rock Springs, at least once, Cumberland and Superior having been twice winners.

During the six months period just ended Winton completed 30,742 man shifts with 12 accidents, one of which was a fatality. Their average was therefore 2,562 man shifts for each injury, a figure slightly above that of Hanna, the previous pennant winner, which won the pennant with an average of 2,251 man shifts per injury.

For the current period there was not even a close second, Cumberland being in second place with 1,826 man-shifts per injury, the other four districts grading downward to Superior, which finished in the cellar position with a figure of 1,332.

One hundred volumes of fiction are given each six months to the district showing the greatest improvement over its previous record for a cumulative period. In this instance the period was from January 1st, 1925, until December 31st, 1927. Winton also won the books, their record for the six months period from January 1st, 1928, to June 30th, 1928, showing the gratifying increase of 52.3% over their previous record.

Only two other districts, Reliance and Hanna, showed increases, each having a 2.4% increase over the figures for the cumulative period with a decrease of 7.16% for all mines.

Following is a tabulation showing man-shifts, injuries, rate and percentage of increase or decrease.

PERIOD JAN. 1st, 1928, TO JUNE 30th, 1928

Place	Man Shifts	Injuries	Man	Percentage	
			Shifts per Injury		
Winton	30,742	12	2,562	52.31	
Hanna	33,984	21	1,618	2.42	
Reliance	24,116	16	1,507	2.38	
Cumberland ...	25,558	14	1,826	4.19	
Rock Springs ...	67,016	47	1,426	12.62	
Superior	46,616	35	1,332	31.65	
Total All Mines	228,032	145	1,595		7.16

While the record for non-fatal accidents has measured well up to previous years, the slow working time has accounted for many of the non-fatal accidents, and it is confidently expected that as the work increases during the fall months our injury rate will proportionately decrease.

We congratulate Winton, the new Safety Leader.

Detonator Injures Diamondville Miner

In past issues of this magazine, mention has several times been made of the careless handling of caps and powder and of the resulting accidents when caps and detonators have been carelessly permitted to be loaded into the coal.

During the month press dispatches carried notice of a miner at Diamondville, Wyo., who was injured in his home when a detonator exploded in the kitchen stove. This detonator had undoubtedly been sent out of the local mines in a car of coal and in the resulting explosion the cook stove was blown to pieces and the miner was so severely injured that hospital treatment was necessary. Apparently the hazards of mining do not cease when an employee leaves the mine and it seems an unkind slap of fate that she should follow a man into his very home to deal the injury.

Apropos of careless handling of detonators, a miner in one of the Union Pacific mines was given a three weeks suspension during the month for having more than enough detonators for a day's use and for permitting them to lay carelessly on the floor.

While it is regretted that disciplinary measures must be taken, the officials of the company feel that it is the only means by which the particular form of hazard can be eliminated.

Tono Proud of First Aid Team

Even in socially alert Tono the dinner tendered the victorious First Aid team by the Holmes Safety chapter stands out as one of the outstanding events of the year.

Tono men had won. And Tono men had been welcomed back with all the enthusiasm of a proud and community-conscious town—but that wasn't enough. A committee was appointed to plan a dinner in their honor for the evening of Wednesday, June 27th. Mrs. E. C. Way, Mrs. James Sayce, Mrs. Tom Warren, Mrs. Matt Mardicott, Mrs. L. Lockhart, Mrs. James Corcoran, Mrs. Bill Barber, Mrs. Jack Grimm, Mrs. Hans Peterson, Mrs. Bert Peterson, Mrs. William Hann, Mrs. Joe Mossop and Mrs. Bill Forsythe were the general committee, with Misses Mae Flani and Pearl Mardicott waiting on table.

Roses and ivy decorated the banquet table on which stood the tall silver trophy won by the Tono First Aid and Mine Rescue team, a challenge cup on which is engraved the names of the first holders: Fred Pontin, Dave Gilfillan, Joe Mossop, James Corcoran, Bert Peterson and George Wigley.

Pep songs and a program preceded speeches by each one of the team members. Mrs. James Corcoran sang "Ramona," Mrs. Bob Murray told a delightful story, James Corcoran, Jr., sang "Byways are Happy Ways"; Mr. Hann congratulated the team members, telling them of Tono's pride in them, especially of the pride of the Safety Chapter which had sent them out to fight—and win.

And then team members told how they'd fared on their journey to Wyoming, how they'd judged the Junior contest—and how they'd won first place on the First Aid field. A goodly tale, worthily told. And a tale which makes for itself a large place in the annals of the town of Tono, which loves a good game, a good fight, strenuous doing and accomplishing.

Martin J. Flyzik, Safety Inspector for the State of Washington was an out-of-town guest, and members of the Chapter present were: Dr. and Mrs. Dale Conger, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gilfillan, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Davis, Mr. and Mrs. George Wigley, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tamblyn, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Planetta, Mr. and Mrs. James Corcoran, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pontin, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Patterson and Miss Irene Patterson of Centralia; Mrs. Flyzik of Olympia; Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray, Mrs. John Monaghan, Joe Mossop, Jack Grimm, E. C. Way, Bert Peterson, James Sayce, James Corcoran, Jr., Bill Barber, Bill Forsythe, Bob Murray, Tom Warren, William Hann and Matt Mardicott.

June Accidents

Driver—Horse stumbled and fell and in falling stepped on driver's foot causing contusions.

Miner—Was pulling down loose top coal and rock near working face. When core fell it rolled on the steep pitch and he was pinned beneath it. He was very seriously injured.

Rope-runner—As he attempted to get off a moving trip, a hole in his overalls caught on a bolt in the car and he was thrown against the car wheel and dragged. Leg and foot severely injured.

Miner—Was standing in chute while partner was pulling coal down from pile. A piece rolled, striking him and causing contusions of leg.

Machine Man—Was helping carry a conveyor pan. The pan slipped from hand and struck foot, causing contusions.

Machine Man—Was operating duck bill when ratchet came out, causing pan to swing and his foot was caught under pan.

Loader—Was lifting piece of coal on car. The coal broke in his hands, a piece falling on foot injuring toe.

Machine Man—A piece of coal fell from roof, slightly injuring back.

Loader—Was putting cap piece on prop when cap piece fell, striking him and injuring side.

Loader—Scratched hand while at work, wound later developing infection.

Machine Man—While lifting a conveyor pan injured back.

Miner—Received small cut on thumb, later becoming infected.

Inside Laborer—Was working at conveyor "duck-bill." His foot was caught under pan and bruised.

Driver—While working with a balky horse, horse stepped on his foot, bruising same.

Machine Man—Was pulling pan from mining machine in order to load on track. His hand was caught between pan and truck, fracturing finger and lacerating hand.

Miner—Was accidentally struck on back of hand by partner's pick, causing puncture wound.

Miner—Reported to foreman that he had bruised palm of hand with pick handle, same becoming infected.

Inside Laborer—Was struck on back and hip by piece of falling rib coal.

Inside Laborer—Received a fractured leg when struck by a large piece of falling face coal.

Miner—Was dropping loader car to entry with a rope. Car stopped and in attempting to loosen the rope his finger was caught between rope and car, causing a fracture of thumb.

Safety Slogans

One of the large anthracite mining companies recently had a Safety Slogan Contest and below are some of the slogans offered by employees:

"It only takes a second to get hurt, but a lifetime to forget it."

"Safety First is not a joke; ask the guy that sneaked a smoke."

"A Safety Dodger" is mostly a "Hospital Lodger."

"Spikes and Nails make Poor Acquaintances; Turn Them Down."

"Be Careful—The man next to you may want to live if you don't."

"Carelessness is an egg that will surely hatch an accident."

"It's Little Risks that turn out to be Big Mistakes."

"You'll never have your own car if you keep riding around in the company's." (Ambulance).

"It Pays to Take the Time to Read a Safety Sign."

"The Time To Take a Chance is—NEVER."

"Safety Saves Suffering."

"Practice safety today; tomorrow may be too late."

"You remember the LAST accident—Let it BE the last."

= Engineering Department =

The Pleasant Valley Property Of the Union Pacific Coal Company

By C. E. Swann

THE Pleasant Valley mines are located adjacent to the town of Scofield, Carbon County, Utah, on the easterly mountain slope of the valley through which runs Muddy Creek with its waters emptying into the mammoth new reservoir of The Price River Irrigation Company, which appears as a beautiful lake to the north of the town of Scofield.

In the summer this is a picturesque country lying in a narrow valley, the sloping mountain sides of which are covered with green, while fine meadow lands skirt the banks of the creek.

The surroundings would indicate an ideal spot for the location of a coal mine and its elevation of about 8,000 feet above sea level gives it a wonderful summer climate, but the winters are apt to be severe with an abundance of snow, making travel very difficult.

The mines are served by the Scofield Branch of The Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad, which leaves the main line fifteen miles down the canon.

The upper seam of coal contains a very fine grade of bituminous coal, especially suitable for railroad use, while the coal in the lower or big (Pleasant Valley) seam is a very desirable domestic or railroad fuel.

Originally the big seam on this property was developed through a drift by The Utah Central Coal Company, but these workings were in a dirty coal area and were not extensive. Later the big seam was opened at Pleasant Valley No. 1 Mine about one-half mile southeast of The Utah Central Mine, near the end of the canon. This mine covered quite an area of coal 28 feet in thickness, but the territory was badly faulted and was rather difficult to operate. After considerable pillar extraction had taken place,

caves extending to the surface, in the ravines, allowed water to enter the workings and a fire occurred which could not be controlled without great expense on account of the thick seam, and the mine was abandoned.

No. 2 Slope was opened a short distance north of No. 1 workings on the big seam and a good sized mine has been developed from this slope. In one of the surface caves from No. 1 Mine a split seam of coal was exposed showing a section as follows:

Shale Roof	
Coal	12' 6"
Sandrock	3' 6"
Coal	7' 2"
Sandrock floor.	

This seam at this point was approximately 60 feet above the big seam and became known as the upper or Prospect Seam. When No. 2 Slope encountered a large downthrow fault just below 4 North Entry it was decided to drive the slope into the fault and sink a drill hole to determine the location and thickness of the big seam east of the fault, also drive an upraise from this slope to intersect the upper seam.

The drill found the big seam to contain: 1' 0" Coal
3' 7" Dirty Coal
18' 5" Coal

at 74 feet below the floor of the slope. The upper seam was located in the upraise at 26 feet above the floor of the slope and a prospect entry was driven on the strike of this seam for a distance of 800 feet through 10 feet of dirty coal having a very poor roof.

Although the upper seam would be easy of access from the No. 2 Mine the dirt in the coal seam in the prospect entry made the seam look unattractive and no further prospecting was done on this seam until the Kinney Coal Company obtained a lease on the north end of the property in September, 1917, and had developed a good sized mine in the upper seam showing clean coal of good quality which at this point is from 8 feet to 10 feet in thickness, then the question naturally arose "would it be good mining practice

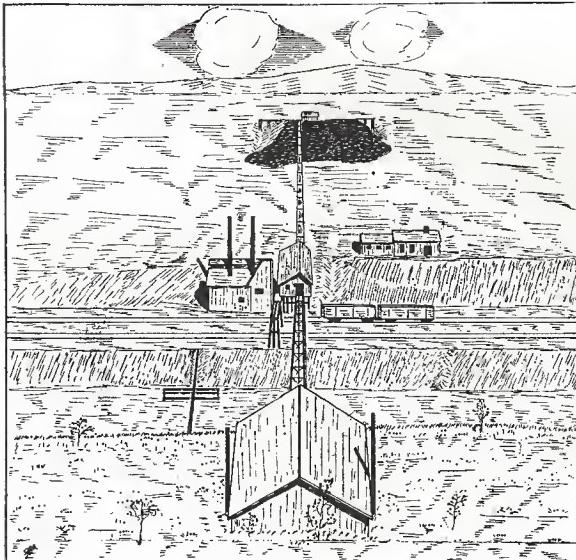


FIG. 1

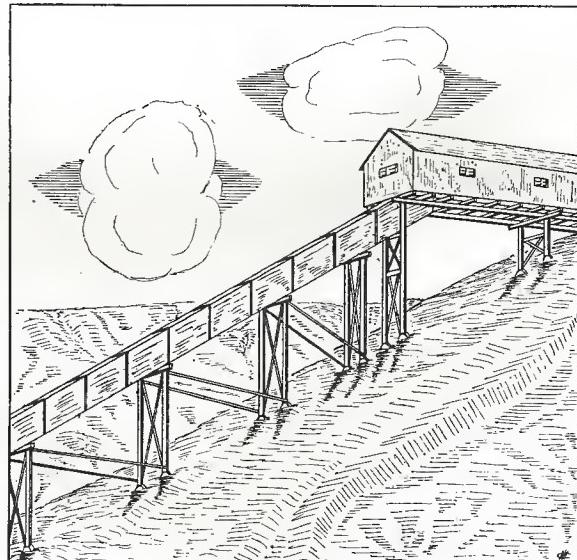
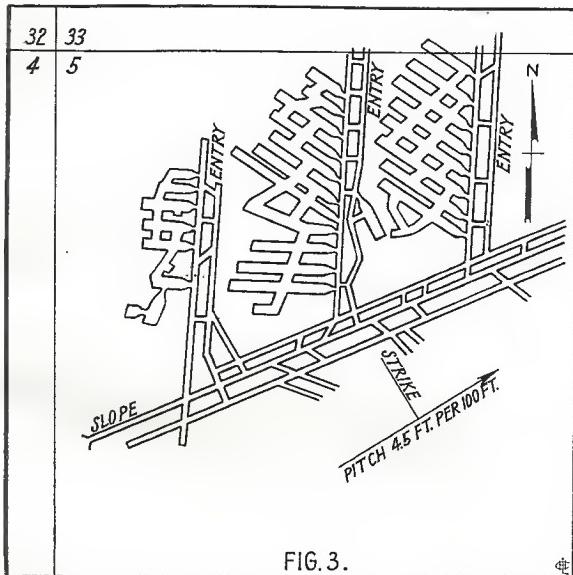


FIG. 2



to draw the pillar supports in the mine on the lower or big seam before the coal was extracted from the upper seam," the interval between seams being only about 100 feet. It was decided the upper seams should be worked before pillar extraction was started in the lower seam and No. 3 Mine was opened in the upper seam just over the No. 2 Slope.

The operators were then confronted with the problem of how best to get this coal from the mouth of No. 3 Slope on surface to the railroad cars at No. 2 Dump for shipment from a small capacity mine, say 500 tons per day. The cost of a standard conveying system seemed prohibitive, and it was decided to construct a steel lined wooden chute extending from No. 3 Tipple to a point on the No. 2 Dump. The coal from No. 3 Mine is dumped into this chute and moves by gravity to the end of the chute where it is loaded into pit cars as needed by operating a gate designed by Superintendent Newren of The Scofield Coal Company. The pit cars on No. 2 Dump are trammed a short distance and

the coal dumped on the No. 2 shaking screens and from these delivered into railroad cars. See sketch of plant layout (Figure 1) and a view of chute (Figure 2).

On account of the location of the mine relative to the market for its product it was imperative that a low cost operation should be planned so the management decided that owing to the coal being above the water level and having only a moderate pitch, a system of dip panels (entries driven with pitch enough to carry the hoisting rope) should be driven northeasterly off the Main Slope with raise rooms driven off these entries which would deliver their loaded cars at the rope (See figure 3).

As previously stated, the Pleasant Valley coal measures are cut by many small faults as well as major faults, making level entry haulage expensive, and it was hoped to eliminate part of this expense by a greater use of the slope rope and the mine is still being operated on this system with good results. Figure 4 shows an ideal geological section of the coal measures on this property.

Vegetables Grown by Electricity

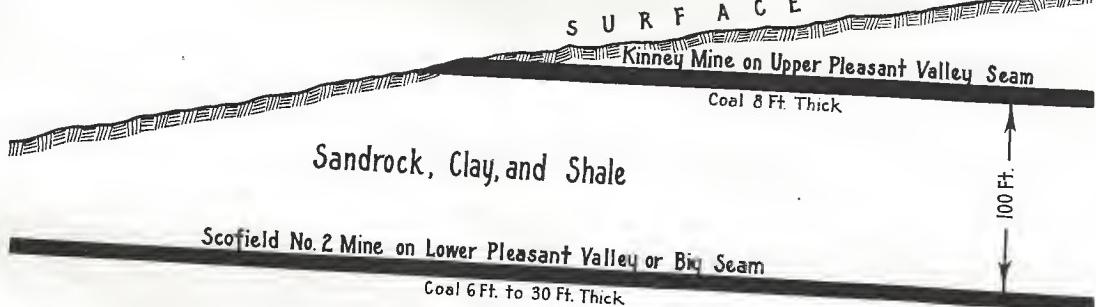
By D. C. McKeehan.

THE growing of vegetables by electricity is the latest word in gardening in Sweden and eventually may be applied to some of our colder climes. Experts assert that the project is no longer in the experimental stage, but on a practical, scientific basis.

Electricity produced by "white coal" (water power) is now used extensively for supplying heat to garden beds around Stockholm and many towns in the northern part of Sweden.

"White coal" in Sweden is comparatively cheap, next to wood the cheapest fuel in the country. But vegetables out of season are a luxury, since they must come largely from Holland and other lands to the south. This situation accounts for the active interest in experiments with the electrified garden, and the co-operation of the Swedish Royal Board of Hydroelectric Power, which supplies the electric current at a reasonable figure, has helped to hasten successful results on a large scale.

In Sweden the application of electricity for heating the soil began after a chance discovery a few years ago by a Norwegian engineer, who noticed that snow melted



Approximate Section of Strata
across N½ of S.W. ¼ Section 33, T. 12 S. R. 1 E.
(parallel to Scofield No. 2 Slope Line)
Showing relation of Upper and Lower Pleasant Valley Coal Seams
SCOFIELD, UTAH.

FIG. 4

quickly on the ground above which electric cables had been laid. Tests were made with potatoes. They grew more rapidly than those in a near-by patch. At once the Swedish gardeners began to experiment with voltage, resistance, insulation, with ways of preparing the beds, with electricity alone for heating the soil, with a combination of heat from the soil and from artificial light overhead.

Electrified hotbeds in Sweden are on the largest scale at Hasselby, a few miles north of Stockholm. There are some 700 glazed sashes covering an approximate area of 1,300 square meters (about 3/10 of an acre). Each window is heated by cables underground, and the heat is regulated from a central point. It is reported that sixty thousand lettuce plants, set out between the third and eighth of March, yielded the first crop on April 5, and the last in the beginning of May. The weather was unfavorable. There was almost no sun and this accounted for the slow growth. A normal allowance is three weeks for the first crop and five for the second. Thirteen hundred melon plants were then set out. An abundance of rain ruined a large percentage of the melon crop of Sweden, but the electrical melons were a success. And the same can be said for other vegetables in this artificially heated soil.

Late in September one sees rows of window sashes that housed tender green shoots, the last planting for the year. Experience has shown that for Sweden it is advisable in the main to let the work lie dormant through the two coldest winter months, December and January. But the beds in September gave promise of fresh vegetables for the Stockholm dinner tables through November and even, with careful regulation of the artificial heat, well into the Christmas season.

So the use of electricity for heating soil performs two functions. It carries the Swedish season well back into March and early April, at least a full month ahead of the normal time, and so gives the gardeners of Sweden an equal chance with those of Holland. It addition it prolongs the season two months beyond the frosts of September. The significance of this longer period becomes obvious when one takes into consideration the geographical location of the country.

The greatest length of Sweden from tip to tip is more than 1,000 miles; its northern end lies well within the Arctic Circle, and the total extent is from North Latitude 55° 20' to 60° 4'. The center of Sweden is approximately in the same latitude as the southern part of Alaska and the south of Greenland. Sweden owes its relatively temperate climate to the Gulf Stream.

In sections of the country the summers produce a riot of flowers and a profusion of vegetation that is semi-tropical. At midsummer and after comes the brief, glowing season of warmth and rapid growth—a succession of brilliant sunlit days, a succession of the "white nights" of unending daylight. The first frost may fall early in September. Clearly the period is too short for successful outdoor vegetable cultivation, on a comprehensive scale. Electrical vegetables have more of a reason for existence in Sweden than in other countries of Europe and in America, where similar projects have been launched.

In Stockholm's suburbs the householder can obtain the electric current for cooking, for the hot-water heater and for hotbed windows at a special subscription rate per year. In some cases the rate is as low as six tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour. The current is so apportioned that it goes either to the kitchen or to the heater and garden combined. Lighting comes as a special item in the budget. One may have an ordinary small summer house, of say, seven rooms, with cooking requirements for a family of four or five and with two or three hotbed windows.

The initial expense of laying out the sashed hotbeds is determined by local costs of labor and supplies. The suggestion that comes from Hasselby is the result of varied experiments. Especial care has been taken with

protecting the glazed sashes, all inclining slightly to the south, from the cold winds from north, east and west.

One important detail is the control of the heat for the beds through a central station. This control determines the length of the season of growth and is a practical factor in economy, since the heat can be regulated in relation to the normal warmth supplied by sunlight. The heat is conducted by electric cables, which in the beds themselves pass through ordinary tile drain pipes resting on a layer of charcoal. The charcoal is used because it is a poor conductor of heat. Underneath the charcoal is a layer of gravel for drainage purposes. And above the pipes the soil is added in depths determined by the needs of the vegetation in question.

Swedish gardeners have experimented successfully with electric heat for almost all the ordinary vegetables. Spring and fall are equally practical for seasons for growing lettuce, radishes, spinach, dill, carrots, potatoes, cucumbers and melons. Strawberry plants are put to bed for the winter in October and November and roused by electricity as early as February. The eggplant has little chance for maturing in Sweden without hotbed pre-culture. Asparagus can be cultivated through the winter with the aid of electrically heated soil. It is planted as usual in the spring. Artificial heat is supplied the third winter and thereafter every other year.

The best results have been obtained from hotbeds, but the application of artificial heat to the open soil has yielded several successful experiments.

The greatest opportunities for further electric development are found in Norrland, the name given to the provinces of the northern half of Sweden.

Imagination runs riot when one speculates on what might be accomplished if artificial heat could be applied economically to the open soil in Arctic and near-Arctic regions. There is an abundance of sunlight in the Arctic regions in the summertime, wide spaces for experimentation, ground that is relatively cheap.

Already electric forces have mitigated the wilderness of the north. During the long darkness of the winter in northern Sweden there are towns brilliantly lighted by electricity and some of the hotels, which are situated within the Arctic circle, have electrical heating systems. Cooking by electricity is an old story in these regions.

Tono In the News

Frederick Earp, editor of the Seattle "Post Intelligence," writing about Tono, Washington, says: "There are many interesting things at Tono. There's the 'wash house' from which miners off shift emerge immaculate; there's the Club House, a credit to any small community. There is that open hospitality of the residents, men and women of good Anglo-Saxon lineage. There's George Forsythe, the blind music master. Forsythe has been sightless since he was eight but he 'sees' better than most persons who have two good eyes. There's Fred Pontin's prize winning First Aid and Mine Rescue squad. There's the air of general prosperity. There's that bearing of one engaged in an honorable calling in every person you meet."

Efficiency

Housewife (suspiciously): I see you have placed all the best tomatoes on top.

Stallkeeper: Yes, lady. That saves you the trouble of hunting through the box for 'em.—Answers.

ONLY a very mean man
WOULD remind his wife.
THAT Lindbergh drove
ALL the way to Paris
WITHOUT help of advice
FROM the back seat.

Cumberland Band Adds Fresh Laurels

On July 4th of the present year, our Cumberland Band was invited to participate in the exercises at Montpelier, Idaho, where they delighted thousands of people with their pleasant music. On the way home from there they lingered long enough at Bear Lake to entertain the summer visitors with a concert. About this time came an invitation from the Saltair Amusement Company at Saltair, Utah, to give two concerts there on July 21st. The invitation was accepted, and the band, led by Bandmaster P. A. Young, Superintendent E. G. Blacker and practically the whole community of Cumberland, reached Zion on the evening of the 20th, and immediately got down to business, putting in a hard night's practice.

On the morning of the 21st assembly was sounded. The band, consisting of fifty-four pieces, marched down the main street from the Hotel Utah to the Newhouse Hotel, the drum major being Rudy Kobler, who performed the job excellently. We know of one aspiring drum major who missed a splendid opportunity, for in all the glory of high hat and blazer coat, he would have cut a dashing figure, and the Cumberland Band is hoping he will get on the firing line next year.

The sidewalks were lined with people, and as the band discoursed stirring music many fine tributes were expressed and many sincere compliments paid—to the juvenile members particularly.

The Department of Safety of Salt Lake City very courteously furnished two motorcycle policemen, who kept all traffic clear along the line of march. This courtesy was much appreciated. At 4:00 p. m. and at 7:00 p. m. concerts were given at Saltair, at both of which the band received the same splendid reception as they did in Salt Lake earlier in the day, the following numbers being rendered:

1. Golden Spur,
2. School Sports,
3. Organ Echoes,
4. Columbia March,
5. New Dawn Overture,
6. Juliet,
7. Monitor,
8. Sliding Some,
9. Memories of the War,
10. Royalist Overture,
11. Gibraltar Overture,
12. Clog dance, by Miss Lulu Bean.

During the interval between concerts Superintendent Blacker entertained the members of the band at dinner,

as the guests of The Union Pacific Coal company. Short addresses were given complimenting the band, the dinner terminating with a vote of thanks to The Union Pacific Coal Company, extended by Bandmaster Young.

It might have been well termed "Cumberland Day" at Saltair, for wherever one went Cumberland people were in evidence, all boasting for the band, demonstrating anew the splendid community spirit existing in the small Wyoming mining town, and, to paraphrase the remark of a well known American, "As Cumberland Band goes, so goes Cumberland." The whole Union Pacific Coal Company family congratulate the Cumberland Band on their achievements.

Lanky More Understandable Than Scotch

Judge Crawford of Hanna says he's tired of trying to read the Scottish dialect sometimes published in the Employees' Magazine and offers his Lanky poem, suggesting that it would be a relief to get back to the "King's English," and that if folks can understand Scotch stuff this ought to be as easy as flying is for Lindy.

A Lancaster Miner

Gie me mi lamp an' mi jackbit,
Gie me mi drill an' mi pick;
"Good mornin'" to t' wife an' to t' childer—
An' t' door shuts behint wi' a click.

It's dark. Ay, begow, but it's darker
Wheer yoh connot see th' eend o' yohr nose,
An' t' leet makes you blink like a bullet,
And' yoh punch at the stones wi' yohr toes.

"Good mornin'?" Begow, who could swear it?
'Eaw do Ah know wi' whod Ah may meet?
Mi fayther wus lost in th' explosion—
"Good mornin'" may end i' bad neet!

So Ah gooaas like a sodger to battle,
An' Ah strips aw mi clooas to the skin,
An' Ah holes an' Ah blasts an' Ah shovels
Fur a toothful o' meeat fur mi kin.

An' Ah sweets like a steam-injun workin'
Just to keep the world warm neet an' day,
An' then aw the thanks as Ah'm gettin'
Is a tawk uv a drop in mi pay!

—S.S.S. in Manchester Journal.



The Cumberland Band

Vacation Experiences

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea, one is of the mountains; each a mighty voice"

Had Wordsworth been describing the country to be seen on vacation trips taken by members of The Union Pacific Coal Company family, or the scenery of our North country to which week-end fishing trips are frequent—or even the red-gold-purple of our skies when the shadows of evening silhouette them with our desert hills, he would not perhaps have limited his voices to a duet. For mighty as are the voices of mountains and seas, they blend, with the reality of scenic splendors, into one tremendous song of praise. They blend with those of the forests and trees, lakes and streams, with the beauty of thousands of sheep grazing on rolling hills, and make anthems—these voices of mountain and sea.

And we could thank Wordsworth for telling us about the mighty voices, teaching us to tune our hearts to hear the anthem of all.

"A Trip to Fairyland"

By Mrs. Harry Lawrence

A TRIP to Fairyland—for such it was—this vacation trip I am going to try and tell you about. A very frank friend once said of me, "Tap her anywhere and she will talk," but there does come a time even with we garulous ones, when we are stumped, and I'm wondering if I haven't come to that place right now—for this trip which I took last summer would bankrupt the descriptive powers of a much more able narrator than I.

We left Rock Springs early in July—a party of seven—out for worlds to conquer. In our party were the "Senior Philosopher" (How do you write that title?), Dr. George Rice, an eminent and altogether delightful geologist, three "just women" and two belonging to the "infantry"—in other words, two debutantes of fourteen.

Most of you know the lovely trip from hereabouts to Salt Lake City—know the feeling that comes over you, that you have missed the green of trees and vegetation when you see it in such profusion en route. Your mind is in a receptive mood, ready to absorb all that is new and strange, and when you've arrived in this Queen City of Utah, you take off your hat to the Mormons, who planned, built and manned a city of its kind.

We were determined to see more of it. Our Guide Elect chartered a car and piloted his party over a town which could well be the home of "Phoebe Snow," who, you'll remember, stood for immaculateness some years ago, so clean and orderly are the streets.

We viewed Salt Lake's business district—the lovely residential parts, schools, the Temple and Tabernacle—and ended up at the State House, so beautifully situated, and then were conducted inside and inspected the marvelous exhibits in agriculture, minerals and thrifit. We saw the relics of early settlers—tried to picture the steadfastness which led Brigham Young, years ago, to travel over those vast expanses toward the goal which he had visioned; for here you may see the conveyance which brought his family across the plains. It was not an eight-cylinder horseless carriage. Hours could be spent studying these exhibits, but we must be on our way.

Again we boarded the train, this time our destination being Cedar City. Arrived, the dust of travel removed, we reported at the city's charming hotel, the "Escalante," we were in even a more optimistic mood. We were told that a curio shop held things of interest both in curios and relics. One must padlock his pocketbook if he would hold on to his lucre—such fascinating baubles in antique silver and turquoise, Indian basketry and rugs. In another nook the less frivolous found relics of early settlers. An old spinning wheel delighted my heart—one thinks of them as belonging to the Far East.

Our guide beckoned. We boarded a bus, the last word in comfort—equipped even with a telephone, and we were told that every three miles passengers may plug in for any message that might be necessary to phone in—for you see we were leaving civilization behind. Our bus was manned by a glorious youth. College boys pad their

purses during the summer vacation by driving these busses—and whisper it low, our infants preened themselves for young Adonis.

From then on, I began to feel very humble and was not nearly so noisy as I have been given credit for. Vast expanses met our eyes—what a small thing is a human! Not a breath stirred—rarely the sight of a living creature. We came to a wee oasis, partook of some good cold water, for we were a bit parched and warm. We took on more gas and were off. Soon the plains were left behind. Our chauffeur pointed out rocks and cliffs with curious names. We were enthralled, and as we exclaimed our guide would say, "Oh, wait! This is not half!"—all too much to absorb at one time; one's mind won't half register it all. Miles upon miles we gazed upon colorings that the rainbow has yet to paint and a much more able writer than I will have to write of. I'm not at all sure anyone could do it justice.

I know the lovely folder the Union Pacific Railroad circulates, describing the wonders of Zion National Park and the colored pictures which illustrate, but had taken it with a grain of allowance; it's so easy to exaggerate in color. Fair reader, they tell you not one-half—such a riot of color would be impossible for the most expert artist to reproduce.

There was a catch in our throats when we tried to grasp what the King of Architects had fashioned.

While we elders marveled, our "infants" were adoring it, only in a lighter vein—peals of laughter when the man at the wheel pointed out different groups of rock and nicknamed them. One massive pile he told them was the "Three Patriarchs," the more flippant had designated them, "Hart, Schaffner & Marx."

Then we came into "Zion." We were speechless before the wonderful spectacle which met our eye, no trite speeches came to mind; we were awed at the grandeur of it all. "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the World."

We alighted at the door of the most artistic, rustic Lodge you ever saw. A genial host greeted us and made us welcome, in a jiffy we had shed the dust and dirt of travel and were eager for the thrills to come.

About this time our Guide Elect began to feel his responsibilities I think and decided to form his band into a company, a sort of travelling circus (?). He dubbed us the "Uncle Tom's Cabin Co." Dr. Rice should be Uncle Tom—Little Eva was easy to select among us. "The Infantry" would make wonderful Hounds, and our Senior Guide seemed cut out for the character of Simon Legree; places among the minor parts were assigned to the rest.

When we were to assemble our Guide Elect would signal "Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. Front!" Our discipline was wonderful?? Tho' I feel quite certain that our fellow guests at the Lodge though us a lot of harmless lunatics.

Not to lose a minute of precious time, our erstwhile chauffeur, who was also well versed in the lore of those parts and another professional guide piloted us up the "Narrows," some of us afoot and some by auto, to a certain point where shanks' mare had to suffice, at the point where we left the less hardy we started on a good steep climb. Picture a beautiful river—quiet in places 'till only

within a few yards we would find it tumbling and rumbling over huge boulders in boisterous glee. On both sides tower mountains clothed in marvelous hues, beautiful ferns and lichens seemed to grow right out of the rock. Here and there we saw a tiny flower growing in a crevice. We went up and up and seemed to come to a standstill, with no sign of an opening, to the foot of the "Great White Throne" which rises majestically above.

These vast cliffs which line the sides of the river seemed like sentinels and guardsmen guarding the approach to this greatest of all sights in Zion, the "Great White Throne," a practically unscalable dome, rising 3,000 feet above the water...

Just before our advent there, a daring climber attempted to scale its height. It was thought at the time we were there that he had reached his goal, as some thought they had seen fires kindled on top. Searchers found his badly maimed body at the base of The Throne, and when we left he was still lying unconscious in one of the cottages at Zion, and I have never heard whether

he recovered and was able to tell what he had accomplished.

We hit the hay early that night. Our "Hounds" would have liked to dance. Being full of vim, vigor and vitality, it seemed a waste of time to them to give in to mere sleep, and the music from the ballroom did sound inviting. They were overruled, though, and we repaired to our respective cottages. Such delightful quarters they are, equipped with twin beds, such artistic and comfy ones, nary a cross beam to disturb your slumbers, a rustic dressing table, a tiny stove and chairs, all in rustic effect—nothing left to wish for in point of comfort.

Another day was at hand, and after a shower which could be had at a building close by, we treated ourselves to the headiest of morning cocktails—wonderful bracing ozone—one could fairly eat it. Then the inner man put in his claim and we partook of a breakfast we would never have had sufficient appetite for at home. Indeed, 'tis with a receptive mind that you hear the call for meals three times a day. Lovely Utah college girls catered to



Left—Resting, Bryce Canyon. Miss Billy Lawrence, Mr. Eugene McAuliffe, Miss Rosemary McAuliffe.
Right—Miss Billy Lawrence, Miss Rosemary McAuliffe and Dr. George Rice at Zion Canyon.
Lower—Bryce Canyon, Utah.

our wants, which still further enhanced the value of the truly wonderful food received.

This day another trip was planned and again up the "Narrows", this time on horseback. It was a slippery, slidey trip, the horses often losing their footing. We seemed to be performers in a great tent. The cliffs almost meet overhead; hardly a speck of sky was to be seen; the timid could well picture themselves prisoners, for there seemed to be no outlet. This time we visited a delightful pool not seen the day before. One might go dozens of times and each time discover a new beauty spot. Perhaps you had not noticed the cable which spans the river and on up the cliffs. That would offer a thrilling ride for the venturesome.

This is only one of the beauty spots of Zion, though to me the loveliest. (I feel more inadequate by the minute in describing this trip of trips. I knew I would when I started.)

Several other short excursions in these parts and we made ready to depart for Bryce Canon.

Such charming adieux we received from the Host of the Lodge and his helpers. We felt especially honored when from a small balcony came the strains of "Aloha" sung by the same lovely girls to speed us on our way.

And now an altogether different landscape met our eye. A steady climb—our bus traveled ledges which made our hair stand right on end, only to descend to long stretches of plains, not unlike our own Wyoming scenery. At Pipe Springs, we took off a small corner of Arizona. Interesting relics of old time settlers could be viewed in a building equally old-timey. After stretching our limbs a bit we jogged along and just as we were beginning to feel a bit weary we reached our journey's end at the gates of Bryce Canon.

We looked around expectantly. Nothing unusual met our eye. Here we had more vegetation and trees, and a more attractive Lodge than the one at Zion. But had we come so far to see just that? I had expected so much more.

Our Guide Elect commanded "Front!" We walked a few hundred yards from the Lodge. We stood on a sort of cliff. Then suddenly we looked down a thousand feet and saw a sight to remember as long as we live.

I was asked, "What do you think of it now?" and I remembered hearing of how a "Hick" who was being shown the animals in a zoo for the first time, coming to a stall which held a giraffe, he was asked what he thought of the specimen of animal. He scratched his head and said, "They ain't no sech thing." Those were my sentiments when first I saw Bryce Canon.

We beheld a great bowl-like amphitheatre inhabited by grotesque figures painted in gorgeous pinks, purples, blues and over all sort of a hazy blue curtain. Everyone saw a different figure conjured up by their imagination. Plainly you could see Queen Victoria standing stately and alone. Over there you see the Pope—there are sta-

tions a regiment of soldiers of veritable fairyland, beautiful beyond description—so different from Zion, no points of comparison.

Again we were on our way. This time to Cedar Breaks, our destination. More breath-taking climbs—paths so narrow it would seem they would not accommodate the busses. On, on up to the Top o' the World, through forests of aspens whose trunks were twisted into every imaginable shape by the elements, through areas of lava resembling a black sea, and still going up and up 'til we had reached an elevation of over 10,000 feet, offering a view of Utah, Nevada and Arizona from its height.

From here you could see great amphitheatres of every hue and color. I'm told sixty different tints have been found there. The more venturous took trails into their depths. "Safety First" was our motto and we viewed its glories from high upon a vantage point. Again let your imagination run riot and you can find castles, caverns, mammoth animals, curious looking peoples, each view finding a new group and all splashed with these glorious colorings.

I'm through. I have used every extravagant word and phrase I know, and they seem luke warm. I have not told you half; you cannot tell it, you have to feel it.

Go one of these days and see for yourself, and when you are asked to describe your trip you will know how unfitted I felt when asked to describe all the beauties and experiences we crowded into that never to be forgotten vacation of July, 1927.

Auto Trip to Sunny California

By George Maxwell

ON MAY 17th I left Rock Springs for California to join my family, who'd spent the winter in San Bernardino, and to see my youngest daughter, Lawanna Jane, who was born in San Bernardino on April 23rd.

The first two days of the journey it rained nearly all the time, and by night the second day I was only in Cedar City, Utah. On the morning of the third day, however, I started early with San Bernardino as my goal, and driving straight through I reached it at three thirty the next morning. My first day in California was spent visiting with the family and getting acquainted with the new girl. Each day following we took in some point of interest.

The first trip was to Arrow Head Springs, just a short distance from San Bernardino, and often used by the movie people as a "Fountain of Youth." The water is 190° to 212° and when cooled makes a healthful drink. To the name of this spring there is attached a legend, which runs thus: In the early days a plainsman had a vision in which he was instructed to gather a colony of followers and go west until he came to an Arrow Head in the mountains where he would find water, the pioneers' most sought-after blessing. There on the hillside is the Arrow.

Smiley Heights was also the objective of one of our visits. This trip took us through Redlands, the city among the orange groves, and with so many oranges around one would wonder why the signs "Oranges, 70, 80, and 90c per dozen." At the top of the heights you could view the country for miles around, just one orange grove after another, a feast for the eyes of we folks who live inland—in desert land.

Long Beach was the next trip, taking us past Signal Hill, with oil rigs so thick the hill looked like a great porcupine with its needles sticking out, then to Ocean Beach and its many sights, and a wonderful view of the ocean, which we left only in time to start for home in San Bernardino.

While in California we didn't think it would be right to leave without getting the thrill of driving through Los Angeles' traffic, so one morning early we took the Foot Hill Road to Los Angeles by the way of Pasadena, Glendale, a most beautiful drive taking us past the Little Church of the Flowers, probably one of the most beautiful churches in Southern California, then to Los Angeles for a short visit and back to San Bernardino.

Then came the trip back to Wyoming; leaving San Ber-



A Cabin home which waits the visitor to Zion National Park.

nardino early in the morning, and after driving for some little time, we landed in Daggett, where we did a little road inquiring, and were told the road through Ludlow to Needles was the best so we tried it, only to find it wasn't the best but the hottest. In Ludlow we complained of the heat, and a native told us, "It is only 106°, it's getting cool." He also told us that when we got to Needles we would think it was cool in Ludlow, so we decided to go back and use the road we came on. A good hot day's driving took us to Jean, Nevada, a town with a population of five, and plenty of room for us to stay the night. Next day we drove through Nevada, Arizona, and to Cedar City, Utah. Coming through Nevada a cold drink is as scarce as palm trees at the North Pole. The dug ways in Arizona left an impression on the bunch that will be rather hard to erase. Narrow roads! In places too narrow to pass another car, and if a car should by chance be forced over the side it would be like making a jump from a balloon. But after a few miles in Utah the roads were wonderful and the vegetation more abundant, the country beautiful. As we neared Salt Lake City we passed through some wonderful farm country, quite a contrast after the waste land we had come through the day before. By the time we reached Salt Lake the party was all tired. We would like to have continued through to Rock Springs, but it was getting late so we took lodging at a tourist camp, and about nine the next morning took in a few of the sights in Salt Lake, then started home by the way of Ogden and the Weber Canon, the scenery through the canon was interesting but the most interesting sight for the entire crowd was the lights of Rock Springs, and home.



Bernice May and Beverly Jean, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Maxwell of Rock Springs, while vacationing at Long Beach, California.

Insert—Baby Lawanna Jane Maxwell. This young lady was born in California.

A Boy's Vacation Trip to Canada

By Rodney Butler McLennan

Americans often call Canadians cousins. We say "our cousins to the north" and the most wonderful trip I ever had was a trip to Canada to see real cousins.

It was on July 3rd, 1927, that a party consisting of an aunt, my grandmother, my granddad and myself began our overland trip into Canada to see cousins who live on a farm just seven miles from Viking, Alberta.

After leaving Hanna early in the morning we drove to Sheridan, by the way of Rawlins and Casper, and it was interesting to note how many oil wells loomed on the horizon through the Salt Creek fields.

We drove into Sheridan, Wyoming, where we spent the night, and there the cowboys were already celebrating the Fourth of July. We drove into Billings, Mont., on the Custer Battle Field Highway, and in passing, saw the markers which told the story of "Custer's Last Stand."

At Billings, Mont., we saw the unveiling of a monument erected in honor of the famous movie actor, Bill Hart, Billings being his home town. Bill Hart was present for the event, and I had a chance to see him.

We drove into Lewistown, Mont., late that evening, and early the next morning we were again on our way to Great Falls, Mont., driving to Shelby, Mont., for lunch the next day, and then into Sweetgrass, which is situated on the Montana-Canadian border. We arrived there a half hour too late to pass through the Custom House, thus being obliged to remain in Sweetgrass that night.

We passed through the Custom House early the next morning, and all our baggage was examined. We received our passports, which must be obtained before crossing the border into the Dominion of Canada.

That day we drove to Lethbridge, Canada, for lunch. Lethbridge is a beautiful little town, getting its name from a large bridge which crosses a river named "Old Man River."

We then motored to Calgary and there spent the night. It was a pleasant experience for me to see Calgary, after having heard radio programs broadcasted from there on our radio at home. Calgary is a pretty city at the foot of the Canadian Rockies, and has a population of 70,000. It has many beautiful buildings and parks.

From Calgary we traveled toward Viking more swiftly, but our journey was abruptly interrupted by a terrific electrical storm, obliging us to spend the night in the car, in the Beaver Hills on the Sunshine Trail. When morning came we drove to Tofield and, because of muddy roads, left our car in storage there. We went by train to Viking, where we were met by a relative who took us to the farm. At the farm I had the time of my life, for I spent many pleasant hours riding my uncle's famous Clydesdale "blue ribbon" horses. Then, too, I enjoyed going into the fields with my cousins.

One day we motored into Viking for a festival, which



Rodney Butler McLennan



Mrs. James Libby and her nephew Master Albert Mason enjoy the lilacs in Idaho.

is known as the League of Norsemen. The program consisted of musical numbers, speeches, baseball, basketball, dancing and moving pictures. Here we enjoyed ourselves very much.

Our relatives, numbering about twenty-five in all, entertained us at a dance, and we were waiting for darkness (at which time it is most customary in our country for dances), however there darkness does not come until midnight, so we began dancing when the sun was very bright.

The ten days spent on the farm were much too short for us, and we began our homeward journey, returning by a different route. We stopped at Edmonton, being accompanied that far by some of our cousins. Edmonton is the capital of the Province of Alberta, and is 250 years old, having been established as a Hudson Bay trading post. It became famous during the gold rush to the Klondyke in 1899 and 1900. It is the largest wholesale distributing center in Canada, west of Winnipeg, having eighty-five wholesale houses and one hundred and fifty manufacturing establishments. It claims the largest market for raw furs in the world. The University of Alberta is situated at Edmonton. Within a few miles of the city there are thirty operating coal mines. It has over 800 acres in public parks.

At Edmonton we attended the Grand Diamond Jubilee Confederation Pageant, in which 900 persons took part. Some of the interesting scenes were Growth, Expansion, Government and Confederation Soldiers, Gypsy Ballet, Indian Scenes and an English Court Scene; then too the seasons were wonderfully portrayed with living trees and snow nymphs. The Red Cross was pictured as was a beautiful living flag, which, of course, was the British "Union Jack."

That evening fire works, such as we had never before seen, were displayed. They were beautiful beyond description. Some of the important persons honored in the fire works display were King George I, Prince of Wales, and McDonald, first Premier of Canada, then Indian tepees and Indians. We were also fortunate enough to be present when the Australian National Band played several selections. Before tearing ourselves away from this unusual program, we visited the exhibition of products, machinery, stock, furs and countless other articles which told of Canada's vegetation and advancement. The pageant was staged each day for a week, but we were obliged to leave at the close of a day crowded with many wonderful sights and fun.

Upon bidding our relatives good-bye we departed from

Edmonton, crossing the High Level bridge (which is rightly named, for it is on a high level) that spans the Saskatchewan River. We motored again to Calgary, this time getting another and better view of the Prince of Wales' ranch, managed by Guy Weadicks. It is located west of High River, Alberta, and near the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Weadick was making ready for the Calgary Stampede, which is somewhat like our own rodeos. We were unable to stay for the Stampede, and drove into Banff, which is situated in the Canadian National Park, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The population of Banff is 2,200. It is visited every year by 100,000 people. Fishing, boating, bathing, hunting and camping are the main attractions. It is an ideal winter resort for lovers of winter sports; here they have skating, snowshoeing, skiing, iceboating and tobogganng. The annual winter carnival is a great event. Its hot springs are world-famous. Banff is the railway station for the Rocky Mountain Park and the National Reservation, which is over 10,000 square miles, and in which may be seen at all times Canadian big game. Here we saw many Northwest Mounted Police. They were riding beautiful horses, and looked unusual to me, for they wear blue trousers and bright red coats.

We then drove to Millford and obtained our permits to enter the Kootenay National Park, which is famous for its several wonderful lakes. The main attraction, however, is Lake Louise, which is said to be the most beautiful lake in the world, and is exquisite because of its many beautiful colors.

Early the next morning we drove to Lake Windermere and ate breakfast, sitting beside the lake; from there to Cranbrook for lunch, viewing the Columbia Lake. Cranbrook is a farming, lumbering and mining center.

We next came to Kingsgate, on the border, where we again passed through the Custom House and received our passports, then crossed the border into Eastport, and we were now in the U. S. A. We drove to Bonners Ferry and Sandpoint, Idaho, where we spent the night.

The next morning we drove into Spokane, Wash., and saw several electric trains. These were new and interesting to me. We spent an interesting day in Spokane.

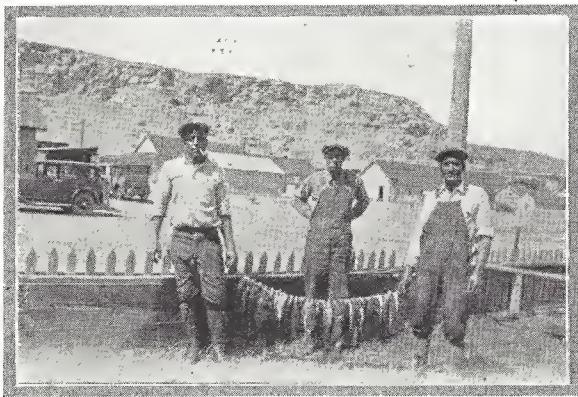
The following day we were at Lewiston, Idaho, and traveled the Scenic Spiral Highway, dropping a distance of 4,000 feet in twelve miles. This made me a bit nervous, for, upon looking down, one could distinguish



Mrs. Joe Santich and her sister, Katie Sikich, of No. Four, Rock Springs. Mrs. Santich has recently returned from a vacation of several months spent in California.

six roads; of course, it was but one road twisted six times. At the close of that day we were at Grangeville. The next morning we traveled for seventy miles along the banks of the Big Salmon River, and then into Nampa, Idaho, that night. From Nampa we drove to American Falls, thence to Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, where we remained over night with friends.

The following day we traveled our own state highway into Kemmerer, Rock Springs and Home-Sweet-Home.



John and Clint Randolph and John Thomas, of Rock Springs, with a good Fourth of July catch.

- Ye Old Timers -

Thomas Lafferty, Rock Springs Old Timer, Passed On



Thomas Lafferty and Master Thomas Lafferty III of Washington, D. C.

On Sunday evening, July 1st, Thomas Lafferty, a resident of Rock Springs for forty-seven years, passed on to the Great Beyond after a protracted illness. Every member of his family was with him at the end, his widow, two sons and four daughters: Thomas, Jr., of Washington, D. C., John of Rock Springs; Mrs. Mary Lepenske, Margaret and Ellen Lafferty and Mrs. Sarah Helms.

Mr. Lafferty was well known to old time Union Pacific Coal Company employees in Rock Springs, having worked in mines One, Two and Nine when they were in operation.

He was born in Whitey Green, Ayrshire, Scotland, although he was of Irish parentage and throughout his life

took pride in everything Irish. He grew to manhood in Scotland and was married there to Miss Mary Lynch. He came to America in 1881 and to Rock Springs where he began his service with The Union Pacific Coal Company. Mrs. Lafferty and their little folks followed him in a year and the home they established in Rock Springs has been a centre of devoted family affection and kindly neighborly friendships. Had he lived until December 13th next, Mr. Lafferty would have been eighty years old.

For some years previous to his last illness he was janitor of the Washington School and there are no teachers who have taught in this part of Rock Springs' School system, who will not sorrow to learn of his decease and remember again the many kindly services of "the Laffertys," nor children who cannot recall his kindnesses.

Mr. Lafferty was a retiring and home-loving man, interested chiefly in his home and family. He was very proud of his young grandson, Thomas III, the son of Thomas, Jr., of the War Department, Washington.

He was a devout member of the South Side Catholic Church, where funeral services were conducted by Reverend Father Sullivan.

Old Timer and Mrs. Andrew Fortuna

A year ago Mr. and Mrs. Fortuna were in Europe visiting the parents of Mr. Fortuna in Gorenja Vas, Yugoslavia. They spent three and one-half months in the Home Land and very much enjoyed their trip, visiting home folks and the beauties of the country. Gorenja Vas is the centre of an agricultural district of small farms and is a very pretty town. Some twenty miles away in the Belags Hills there are vineyards. In this part, too, the women make great quantities of cluny lace. Mrs. Fortuna took some lovely pieces back with her "because it's hard to find time for lace-making in America." However, Mrs. Fortuna has her pillow and cluny pattern all ready for spare moments of leisure, and enjoys weaving the lace she learned to make when a girl at home. She also took back with her a shawl which the elder Mrs. Fortuna wore before her marriage fifty years ago.

Mr. Fortuna is a member of the Old Timers' Association of The Union Pacific Coal Company, having a twenty-seven year service record. They missed last year's celebration but very much enjoyed Old Timer's Day this year. They insist that while they enjoyed their visit to



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fortuna had their pictures taken with Mr. Fortuna's family in Gorenja Vas, Yugoslavia, where they were in Europe last year. Seated are Miss Agnes Fortuna and Mother Fortuna; standing from left to right are: Miss Anna Fortuna, Frank and Valentine, younger brothers of Mr. Fortuna; Martina, an uncle; Simon, a brother; and our Mr. and Mrs. Fortuna at the extreme right.



In Old World dress, making Slovenian cluny lace in Rock Springs, Wyoming. From left to right: Grandma Mrak (deceased), Mrs. J. Ferlic, Mrs. A. Fortuna, Mrs. J. Kershishnik, Mrs. Wm. Jugovich, Mrs. Anton Oblak and Mrs. Joe Galicich. (Picture taken at Lions' International Night.)

Jugoslavia, they'd rather live in America and were glad to come back.



Here are the men with real voices, official announcers of the Old Timers', Jack Armstrong and Bill Rodda.

Not Picked

James Lane Allen, the author, was asked by a lady if he was a bachelor from choice.

"Yes," he said at once.

"But isn't it rather ungallant of you to say that?" said the lady.

"You must ask the ladies that," said Allen. "It was their choice."—Sydney Bulletin.

Laughs

Down On the Farm

"Now, tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"
"Happiness!" said the class in unison.
"And sadness?" she asked.
"Gladness."
"And the opposite of woe?"
"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.

Rah! Rah!

"How do you play hookey from the correspondence school?"
"I send them an empty envelope."—Boston Transcript.

Break Them In Young

Teacher: "Honesty is the best policy."
Florence: "You're wrong, teacher. Papa says Twenty Payment Life."

Explained

Mrs. Elliott: "Faith, Harry, and what does 'asbestos' on the curtain mean?"
Harry: "Be still, dear; don't show your ignorance. 'Tis Latin for 'Welcome.'"

Sign in the Library

"All bags, brief cases, candy and other foods should be left outside."—Spartan Spasms.

That Fellow-Feeling

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson which was on charity and kindness, "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby, promptly.

Providinest Man Evah

"Is your husband must of a provider, Malindy?"
"He ain't nothing else, ma'am. He's gwine get some new furniture providin' he gets the money; he's gwine to get the money providin' he gets to work; he's gwine to work providin' the job suits him. I never see such a provdin' man in all mah days."

Spelling-1928-Model

A school-boy was asked the other day by his teacher, "How do you spell Schenectady?" He answered, "WGY." —Congressional Record.

Qualified Expert

"Know anything about cars?"
"Been mixed up with 'em a bit."
"Mechanic?"
"No, pedestrian."—Sydney Bulletin.

New Virtue

Sunday-School Teacher (giving moral lesson to class)
"And what qualities should you ask God to give you as you grow up? Truth, Honesty and what else?"
Wise Child: "Sales resistance."—Life.

Merited Rebuke

Daughter: "Dad, I want some money for my trousseau."
Father: "But, my dear child, I didn't even know you were engaged."

Daughter: "Good heavens, father! Don't you ever read the papers?"—Bystander.

Of Interest To Women

Zenia's New Salads

Zenia Thurmski was a good American and a good homemaker and we all recognized her as such but just her name told that she wasn't native born.

"But we simply couldn't get along without her," said Jane, who was clearly of Anglo-Saxon birth.

"I know we couldn't," said Bertha, "she's so thorough in her homemaking. And she's always developing new salads."

Zenia was at Club and looked pleased.

"But girls", I learned salads just as I learned other things in your America—our America."

"Our parents didn't use salads much but now everyone knows, or they would know if they'd attended our cooking class, that we should eat lots of fruit and vegetables. They prevent the body from becoming acid."

"What salad ingredients for instance?"

"Why, we learned, you remember, oranges, dates, apples, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, beets."

"What about oranges?"

"There goes a skeptical Scot," said Jane.

"As a matter of fact oranges and lemons are decidedly alkaline in their ultimate reaction," said Zenia.

"And if you want a real preaching—it's time that folks understood that this generation found it necessary to change its habits of eating—and the salad was born. It was so tasty too that we like it without worrying about its mineral salts and vitamins."

"Well, I'd use them more if I could make them like yours." This from Mary who'd been tasting Zenia's contribution to the Club's lunch.

"Here's are some I've just used," said Zenia.

Star Salad

On individual plates of lettuce arrange in star pattern, five sections of grapefruit, free from membrane; on these place five sections of orange, free from membrane. Cut long, slender strips of figs, and place on edge of orange sections. Fill spaces between orange star points with finely-cut dates. Serve with French dressing, made with orange vinegar.

Orange vinegar is very easy to make. Put the juice from six oranges in a glass jar; add a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little of the juice; cover with cheese cloth and let stand in a warm place about a month, or until sour enough to use. Strain, and use in place of cider vinegar.

Mock Lobster Salad

One-half cup cooked haddock; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery;



A group of old friends at the 1928 Old Timers' Celebration. From left to right: Mrs. R. L. Webster, Mrs. Alice Keirle, Mrs. Jos. Iredale, Mrs. Chas. Crofts, Mrs. Morgan Griffiths.

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon lemon juice; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise and $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon minced pimento. Mix cold, flaked haddock with remaining ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Economy Salad

Peel oranges and cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce covered salad plates, alternately with canned sliced peaches. Garnish with walnut halves.



Mrs. S. C. Way and Mrs. Tom Warren of Tono, Clothing Leaders for the Women's Study courses.

A Blackboard Makes Fun

Children like to help. They must be doing things. They like to be where there is activity.

Some years ago I took care one afternoon of a sturdy young nephew of three or so. I sat on the porch reading, gave him some toys and more or less indicated that I expected him to amuse himself. I became absorbed in a story and presently looked up to find him gone, out in the sun and standing watching a gardener plant a new hedge on a near-by lawn. He didn't protest when I took him back to the shade of the porch and called his attention to another toy; indeed he was quite ready to appreciate anything I suggested. But when I again became absorbed in my book, he found his way to the neighbor's garden again and was very busy helping to plant that hedge. As I rescued him the second time the owner of the hedge came out and I complained that I couldn't control the little fellow's interest in it. "Well," said he, children like to be where folks are doing things."

I remember having been in a home where there were several children and their mother had had a considerable section of the kitchen wall covered with blackboard cloth so that they might play "school" and still be where she was busy. There were brushes and chalk and a place to keep both and the "school" could declare a recess when mother had errands to do or there was any helping to be done.

Casual Kitten May Prove Dangerous to Children

A privately owned kitten kept in his place is a perfectly proper source of entertainment to his small owner, but the casual cat from the alley comes in for a scoring in *Hygeia*, a magazine devoted to health education.

The casual kitten may be entrancing to the baby and even the grown-ups may not be oblivious to his charms, but no one knows the menaces he may harbor.

His nose has poked in garbage pails. His fur may be the mantle of charity over indiscriminate germs.

If the stray cat must stay, a disinfecting bath and thorough-going attention to the possible flea population may admit him to the ranks of family cats. But only after this precaution should he be allowed near the children."

Girls All Girls

National Training Week for Girl Scout Leaders

Preceding the National Conference which is to be held in Colorado Springs this year there will be a training week for Girl Scout leaders at the Cheley Colorado Camps, Estes Park.

A camp bulletin just received tells about it. Mrs. Herbert Hoover is to be Camp Chief and Mrs. Frederick Edey Camp Hostess. Eight different courses are offered: Troop Tramping and Trailing; Beginners' Troop Management; Advanced Troop Management; Round Table for Experienced Leaders; Camp Advisors' Course; a nature course taught by Doctor Bertha Chapman Cody, Girl Scout Naturalist; Brownie training course; Council members' week-end course.

Each course will be organized as a Girl Scout troop, with the instructors acting as captain and lieutenant, and will function as far as possible through the patrol system and the Court of Honor.

"The National Training Week," says the bulletin, "is arranged to provide opportunity for exchange of experiences among Girl Scout leaders and for gaining new insight into the spirit of Girl Scouting and its place in the lives of girls and the community."

This is the first time that a national training course has been so near our district, and is an excellent opportunity for our leaders to have an inspiring vacation and to plan and study and work and play with other Girl Scout leaders.

Faith

It was Coleridge who said that "nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm." The most fertile of all forces is enlightened faith.

During this week three different folks came to see me, just bubbling over with enthusiasm over a project—the enthusiasm of youth.

William James, the American philosopher, tells of two men with the same muscular development facing the same chasm, over which it was necessary to jump in order to be saved. One believed he would fail. The other believed he would succeed. Both were right. The belief created the fact.



Superior Climbers entertained the Owlets at a costume party. Anna Yakse as a clown and Hazel Faddis as a pirate were awarded costume prizes.

Just today I've been reading how a philosopher father trained his little lad of three—gave him faith in himself.

It's a good plan to associate with people who believe in you.

Say Not That Beauty

Say not that beauty is an idle thing
And gathered lightly as a wayside flower,
That on the trembling verges of the spring
Knows but the sweet survival of an hour.
For 'tis not so. Though dedicated days

And foiled adventure of deliberate nights
We lose and find and stumble in the ways
That lead to the far confluence of delights.
Not with the earthly eye and fleshly ear,
We see at last the eternal hills, and hear

The sighing of the Universal Seas;
And kneeling breathless in the holy place
We know immortal Beauty face to face.

—Robin Flower.



Miss Darhl Draney, recently appointed to the "Lyman Stake" Girls' Bee Hive Council.

The Purpose of Camps

The real objectives of camping are to develop the boy or girl in his social relations and spiritual growth—to strengthen character, to give added value in life, is the essence of camping.

—John P. Sprague, Camp Directors' Association, in Red Book Magazine.

Rain

God sent a rain today
To show how miracles are made.
The trees and grasses looked and listened.
The hills did likewise.
Only man put up his umbrella.

—Constance Garnett.

Our Little Folks

The Happy Family

THE largest green leaf in this country is certainly the burdock leaf. If you hold it in front of you, it is large enough for an apron; and if you

hold it over your head, it is almost as good as an umbrella, it is so wonderfully large. A burdock never grows alone; where it grows, there are many more, and it is a splendid sight; and all this splendor is good for snails. Grand people in olden times used to have the great white snails made into fricassees; and when they had eaten them, they would say: "Oh, what a delicious dish!" for these people really thought them good. Such snails lived on burdock leaves, and for them the burdock was planted.

There was once an old estate where no one now lived to require snails; indeed, the owners had all died out, but the burdock still flourished; it grew over all the beds and walks of the garden—its growth had no check—till it became at last quite a forest of burdocks. Here and there stood an apple or a plum-tree—but for this, nobody would have thought the place had ever been a garden. It was burdock from one end to the other; and here lived the last two surviving snails. They knew not themselves how old they were; but they could remember the time when there were a great many more of them, and that they were descended from a family which came from foreign lands, and that the whole forest had been planted for them and theirs. They had never been away from the garden; but they knew that another place once existed in the world, called the Duke's Palace Castle, in which some of their relations had been boiled till they became black, and were then laid on a silver dish; but what was done afterward they did not know. Besides, they could not imagine exactly how it felt to be boiled and placed on a silver dish; but no doubt it was something very fine and highly genteel. Neither the cockchafer, nor the toad, nor the earthworm, whom they questioned about it, could give them the least information; for none of their relations had ever been cooked or served on a silver dish. The old white snails were the most aristocratic race in the world—they knew that. The forest had been planted for them, and the nobleman's castle had been built solely that they might be cooked and laid on silver dishes.

They lived quite retired and very happily; and as they had no children of their own, they had adopted a little common snail, which they brought up as their own child. The little one would not grow, for he was only a common snail; but the old people, particularly the mother snail, declared that she could easily see how he grew; and when the father said he could not perceive it, she begged him to feel the little snail's shell, and he did so, and found that the mother was right.

One day it rained very fast. "Listen, what a drumming there is on the burdock leaves; tum, tum, tum; tum, tum, tum," said the father snail.

"There come the drops," said the mother; "they are trickling down the stalks. We shall have it very wet here presently. I am very glad we have such good houses, and that the little one has one

of his own. There has been really more done for us than for any other creature; it is quite plain that we are the most noble people in the world. We have houses from our birth, and the burdock forest has been planted for us. I should very much like to know how far it extends, and what lies beyond it."

"There can be nothing better than we have here," said the father snail; "I wish for nothing more."

"Yes, but I do," said the mother; "I should like to be taken to the palace, and boiled, and laid upon a silver dish, as was done to all our ancestors; and you may be sure it must be something very uncommon."

"The nobleman's castle, perhaps, has fallen to decay," said the snail father, "or the burdock wood may have grown over it, so that those who live there cannot get out. You need not be in a hurry; you are always so impatient, and the youngster is getting just the same. He has been three days creeping to the top of that stalk. I feel quite giddy when I look at him."

"You must not scold him," said the mother snail; "he creeps so very carefully. He will be the joy of our home; and we old folks have nothing else to life for. But have you ever thought where we are to get a wife for him? Do you think that farther out in the wood there may be others of our race?"

"There may be black snails, no doubt," said the old snail; black snails without houses; though they are vulgar and conceited too. But we can give the ants a commission; they run here and there, as if they all have much business to get through. They, most likely, will know of a wife for our youngster."

"I certainly know a most beautiful bride," said one of the ants; "but I fear it would not do, for she is a queen."

"That does not matter," said the old snail. "Has she a house?"

"She has a palace," replied the ant, "a most beautiful ant-palace with seven hundred passages."

"Thank you," said the mother snail; "but our boy shall not go to live in an ant-hill. If you know of nothing better, we will give the commission to the white gnats; they fly about in rain and sunshine; they know the burdock wood from one end to the other."

"We have a wife for him," said the gnats; "a hundred man-steps from here, there is a little snail with a house, sitting on a gooseberry bush; she is quite alone, and old enough to be married. It is only a hundred man-steps from here."

"Then let her come to him," said the old people. "He has the whole burdock forest; she has only a bush."

So they brought the little lady-snail. She took eight days to perform the journey; but that was just as it ought to be, for it showed her to be one of the right breeding. And then they had a wed-

ding. Six glowworms gave as much light as they could; but in other respects it was all very quiet; for the old snails could not bear festivities or a crowd. But a beautiful speech was made by the mother snail. The father could not speak; he was too much overcome. Then they gave the whole burdock forest to the young snails as an inheritance, and repeated what they had so often said, that it was the finest place in the world, and that if they led upright and honorable lives, and their family increased, they and their children might some day be taken to the nobleman's palace, to be boiled black, and laid on a silver dish. And when they had finished speaking, the old couple crept into their houses, and came out no more; for they slept.

The young snail pair now ruled in the forest, and had a numerous progeny. But as the young ones were never boiled or laid in silver dishes, they concluded that the castle had fallen into decay, and that all the people in the world were dead; and as nobody contradicted them, they thought they must be right. And the rain fell upon the burdock leaves, to play the drum for them, and the sun shone to paint colors on the burdock forest for them, and they were very happy; the whole family was entirely and perfectly happy.—Hans Christian Anderson.

News About All of Us

Tono

Miss Ida Johnson, Miss Myrtle Brierly, George Galikowski and Tony Galkowski are among those at Tono that received their diplomas at the State Normal School at Ellensburg, Washington, June 7th, 1928. Miss Brierly will teach at Kelso, Washington, and Miss Johnson at Tumwater, Washington, this coming year.

Miss Florence Mardicott and Miss Hulda Rankin, who have been attending the normal school at Ellensburg, are spending the summer with their parents. Both girls expect to return to Normal next fall.

Miss Irene Patterson who has been teaching at Tumwater the past year has accepted a position with the Centralia School.

Miss Fannie Johnson and Miss Ida Johnson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Johnson, are both working at Seattle, Washington, during their summer vacation. Both girls will teach again next fall.

Word was received by Mrs. William Mossop that her son Willard met with an accident when a



Mrs. Henry Cowell and little Miss Beverly Alice Cowell of Tono.

truck ran over him at Fresno, California. He is in the hospital recovering from bruises.

Miss Mildred Howard from Seattle is visiting with her father for a few weeks.

Mr. Mike Tonda, who is living in Los Angeles, came to Tono last month to transact business. He returned south again accompanied by his two sons, John and Caesar, and his sister-in-law, Miss Victoria Flora, who expects to remain there for the summer. Caesar Flora also returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Gonerman and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren spent the latter part of June at Quinault.

Among those that attended the funeral of Mrs. C. A. Brean at Black Diamond, were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hann, Mr. and Mrs. Al DeWilde, Mrs. Francis Flani and family, Mrs. A. J. Boardman, Mrs. Fred Pontin and Mrs. Chas. Larsen.

Miss Elizabeth and Katherine Peterson are attending the summer school at Bellingham State Normal.

Mr. L. A. McBratney's father, Thos. John McBratney, 82, pioneer blacksmith and shop owner of Olympia, died June 15th at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. H. J. Mumford. Mr. McBratney made his home in Olympia for forty-six years, served as a councilman and was a Thurston county commissioner for several years. His wife died a few years ago. Five children and seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren survive. Services were held from the Masonic Temple, Sunday, June 17, 1928.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Earp of Seattle, editor of the Post Intelligencer Motorlogue, spent Saturday and Sunday, June 21st and 22nd, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray. While here they made a trip through the mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Read of Spokane were guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Dail Conger, June 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Firm and Mr. and Mrs. Williams from Butte, Mont., visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Friend, Sunday, June 24th. They continued on their trip to Long Beach, California, where they will visit with friends and relatives.

Mrs. J. W. Colvin entertained at luncheon in honor of her brother, Don, Mrs. Harry Richardson and Miss



Mrs. Hans Peterson and Master John Jacob Peterson on the steps of Tono Club House.

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Carrie Tomberini of Centralia, Miss Jessie Hudson, Mrs. Robert Murray and Mrs. Bert Holmes on June 19th.

Mrs. Frank Olds has accepted a position at the Mattison Department Store at Rochester.

Those from Tono who attended the opening day of Mount Rainier on June 24th were Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Friend, Joe, Steve and William Fusco, Henry Becker, Nat Flani, Ezzlin McBratney and Sylvia Revel.

Frank Nelson and his daughter, Ellen, of Seattle and Miss Jean McCorkle of Kelso were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hale for the week ending June 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. La Wane and daughter, Adria, from Denver, Colo., were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Ad. Revel for the week ending July 14th. After a very pleasant visit with friends at Tono they continued their journey to Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Eggler are spending their vacation at Vancouver, B. C., and other points of interest on the Vancouver Island.

Rock Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Powell have returned from a vacation spent in the state of Nebraska.

Richard Lewis, Sr., has again returned to work after having been confined to his home, the past month, with illness.

Frank Parr and family are enjoying a vacation in the state of Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Roberts have returned from Oakland, Calif., where Mr. Roberts was a delegate to the convention of the Woodmen of the World.

The home of Pat Campbell, on Rainbow Avenue, is under quarantine for smallpox.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Crofts are receiving congratula-

tions on the arrival of a baby daughter born on Monday, June 25th.

Misses Ruth and Elda Arbogast, of Denver, Colo., are visiting with their father, Dr. H. J. Arbogast.

Dan Hackett motored to Evanston on Sunday, June 24th, to witness the ball game between the Rock Springs K. C.'s and the Evanston team.

Mrs. E. Daniels and small son Earl, are visiting with relatives in Logan, Utah.

A. H. Anderson and Arthur Anderson motored to Salt Lake City Saturday, July 7th, returning the following day. Mrs. Anderson accompanied them back after having visited in Salt Lake the past month.

Angus Hatt and family have moved into the old Settlement House on Rainbow Avenue, and Dewey McMahon has moved into the house vacated by Mr. Hatt on Ninth Street.

Miss Clara Dyett is visiting with relatives in Denver, Colo.

Mr. and Mrs. John Firmage, Jr., have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in southern California.

Ben Erzen and family are visiting with relatives in Basin, Wyo.

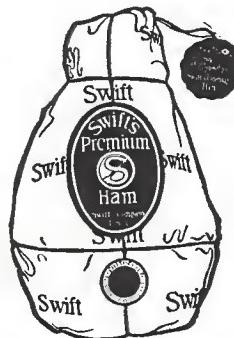


Mary and Norma Ritson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Ritson, 9th Street, Rock Springs.

WARM WEATHER MENU

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PICKLED PORK FEET
ROMOLA SPECIALITY
BOLOGNA
GOTEborg SAUSAGE
SALAMI SAUSAGE

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY STORE
TONO, WASHINGTON

Lester Young and family have returned to their home in Lander after having visited here for two weeks with Mr. Young's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin B. Young.

Andrew Fortuna underwent a minor operation at the Wyoming General Hospital for the removal of his tonsils.

Edward Brooks is confined to his home with illness.

Frank Yamnik returned on Saturday, June 23rd, from Jugoslavia, where he had spent the past three months visiting relatives.

Chris Dadich has returned to work after having recovered from injuries recently received in No. 8 Mine.

Robert Muir has returned from an automobile trip to the Yellowstone Park and the northern part of the state.



Charles Crofts and Charles Durham at work near No. 8 tipple.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Jogovich are spending a vacation in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho.

Mrs. Cora Matthews and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Matthews have returned from a visit with relatives in Los Angeles.

George Blackledge is sporting a new Studebaker Sedan.

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T. J. O'Farrell and family are leaving for a two weeks vacation to Denver.



Mr. and Mrs. John Borzea, Masters Patsy and John Borzea and Miss Rosemary of Rock Springs spend frequent Sunday afternoons at Kent's Ranch.

Winton

Winton Troop of Boy Scouts left Sunday morning, July 8th, for their small cantonment at New Fork Lake. They were accompanied by Scoutmasters C. H. Carlson and Hans Madsen. Local No. 3830, U. M. W. of A., presented them with a new tent before going. The boys are very proud of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Finch returned the early part of the month from a vacation spent in the northern part of the state, which included a visit to Yellowstone Park



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and surrounding country. Finch Park showed a marked improvement while he was gone, but Mr. Finch brought back more new and different species of floral beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Foster and family have returned from their vacation spent at Thermopolis, Gebo and surrounding country.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Marinoff and family and Mr. and Mrs. Pete Uram and family have returned from their vacation spent in Yellowstone Park.

During their trip they had a very sad experience during a heavy rain—the ladies refused to rough it and decided to look for a drier location but Pete is a bit of a Scot and wouldn't part with the paltry sum of sixty dollars for a night's lodging.

Mr. Hans Madsen and Rudy Menghini expect to leave for Chicago this month, travelling by motor. Must be some attraction in the city of breezes besides gun men and bank robbers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Messinger have returned from their vacation spent in Utah and Idaho. They report a wonderful time—Mel brought back a new car—a Fierce Sparrow—and every morning finds him out in front shining up the gold and silver plated fixtures. We will soon catch up Mel.

New arrivals in town this month are: P. Hansen from Longmont, Colorado, and Walter Bricken from Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell from Cumberland; Mr. and Mrs. Pete Stockich from Rock Springs and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gardner from Reliance.

Mr. Earl Dupont has taken the place of Donald Foote as foreman of No. 3 Mine, Mr. Foote being transferred to Reliance.

Doc Harris and Cotton Kenyon left for the upper northern country the past week and are enjoying the fishing and resting—mostly resting.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dodds are the proud parents of a baby daughter born Saturday, July 7th.

Mrs. Andrew Spence has returned from a month's vacation spent in Hanna with her family.

Miss Mary Hunter has been a visitor at the Carlson home the past month.

Quite a number of Wintonites are spending the week-ends in the mountains enjoying the fishing and coolness.

The painters are at work on Winton homes and we all begin to look brightened up.

We wish to call attention to the fact that Winton has a relic in camp which we hope will soon be giving service again



Verle and Blaine Slaughter, little cousins, who often delight Winton audiences with their youthful dancing.

August, 1928

—Wes Toy's Maxwell, which has been re-decorated and polished the past month. Of course those interested enough may have to come to Winton to see it, but it will be worth while to run out and give it the once over.

The Girl Scouts at this writing are busy on a bake sale and card party to be held in the near future for the benefit of their summer camp. They will leave on the 22nd of July and break the record this year with twenty girls from Winton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Jolly and family have returned from their vacation spent in New Mexico.

Gladwyn and Robert Henderson are spending the summer at Kemmerer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Rose.

Bobby Dodds is in Gebo, Wyo., visiting at the Pat Burnell home.

Mr. Roy McDonald has been on the sick list, but is able to be about again.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Benson and family are visiting at the Fred Slaughter home.

Mrs. Katherine Marceau and Wilford Marceau are spending a vacation in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Scanlin and Harold Scanlin are in Denver visiting friends.

Miss Martha Cendusen is home from Denver where she is training at Mercy Hospital. She will visit home folks here for two weeks.

Superintendent Matt Medill of Reliance spent the fore part of July at Winton during the absence of Superintendent Thomas Foster.

The Community Council is planning a mid-summer carnival to be held some time in the near future.

The dance given by the Community Club in June proved a success for this time of the year and the Wyoming Sun Dodgers furnished the best music of the year.

Mr. Frank Finch and Nick Kragovich spent Saturday, June 7th, at New Fork Lake taking up the Boy Scouts for their annual camp.

Harry Purdy is at Thermopolis on leave.

Hanna

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Bedford announce the arrival of a baby girl born on Thursday, July 12th.

Edith Crawford, Albert Crawford and John Hudson underwent appendicitis operations at the Hanna Hospital during the month of July. All are getting along fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Royce and children and Mrs. L. A. Rogers and children of Winton motored to Hanna and visited relatives for a few days. Vincent Lucas, who was visiting his sister, Mrs. Rogers, returned to Hanna with them.

Mrs. Klassen and Anna Klassen returned from a month's visit in California.

A party consisting of Messrs. and Mesdames Gus Colins, George Crank and Sam Harrison motored to Salt Lake and vicinity during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Mandy Edlund and family have returned from a motor trip through Yellowstone National Park.

Mrs. Frank Maki, nee Ida Siltamaki, of Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting relatives in Hanna.

Messrs. and Mesdames Joe Lucas, Joe Jackson, Bert Tavelli and Mark Jackson will form a party which will motor through Colorado and New Mexico during July.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler spent a month's vacation in Minnesota, Nebraska and Colorado.

John Lee and family spent a two weeks' vacation motorizing through Yellowstone Park.

Rev. J. M. Johnson and family were away for a month's vacation, so there were no services in the Methodist church during July.

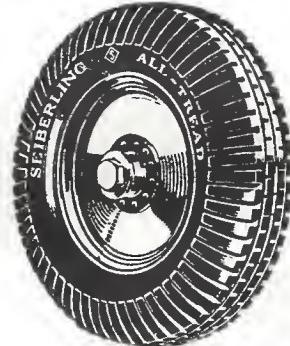
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Mrs. Gertrude Boam and daughter Euphemia are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John While in California.

John Penny and family spent a two weeks' vacation motoring in Wyoming and Colorado during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cummings and son returned from a visit to North Dakota. They were accompanied back by Mrs. Cummings' sister, Vera Bliss, and her niece, Barbara Bliss, who will visit here for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Saari and son and Mrs. Susie Klobas motored to Salt Lake, Mrs. Klobas going on by train to California to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam While are the proud parents of an 8-pound baby girl born on June 25th. The little lady will be christened Elizabeth Irene.

A carnival visited Hanna for a week beginning July 17th, sponsored by the American Legion.

Emil Salo and family and Miss Lepi Matson are visiting in Astoria, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jackson and son returned from a visit to Oregon and California.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler and daughter Margaret and nieces, Margaret, Florence and Dorothy Benedict, and Jas. McDonald motored through Colorado and New Mexico during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Huhtala are the proud parents of a baby girl born on Thursday, July 12th.

I am The Office Duster

A nice cool lime
freeze would help.

Let's go to Zion National
Park for a vacation.

The Old Timer's celebration is over
for another year but the memory of its
good times still remains.

C. H. Carlson of Winton suggests
that if any of us can't think of an in-
teresting place to go for a vacation we
should try Finch Park—quite new and differ-
ent he assures us.

The Reliance Little Bears promise to keep everybody's
watches and clocks ticking together at camp this summer.

The Superior correspondent confesses that he misses
his monthly opportunity to tease Matt Morrow.

If one is to be happy he must be in sympathy with
common things. He must live in harmony with his en-
vironment. One cannot be happy yonder or tomorrow;
he is happy here and now or never. Our stock of knowl-
edge of common things should be great.—Liberty Hyde
Bailey in "The Nature Study Idea."

We're waiting for the best fish story — — and another
bear story.

The Duster wishes you all most pleasant vacation trips.

Superior

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ellis visited with relatives in Den-
ver during the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hood are spending their vacation
in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clark and son, Boyd, were guests at
the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark during July.

Mrs. Thos. Smith and son have returned from a visit
in Texas. Mr. Smith motored to Denver to meet his
family.

Mrs. Pat Nugent and family are motoring through
Colorado. Miss Catherine Nugent returned with them
to resume her studies at St. Joseph's Hospital, in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. O. G. Sharrer and son, Jack, returned
from a pleasant trip through Zion National Park and
Bryce Canyon.

Performance champion of its class

The blunt fact is that Dodge Brothers
Victory Six is outperforming every-
thing in its price class—without excep-
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Snaps ahead of them all at the get-
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These are facts, not claims—proved by
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success. They are explained by The
Victory's spectacular design.

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kind in the world. Providing more
power per pound of car weight than
any other automobile in its price class!
With a chassis frame the full width of
the body—for the first time in history!
And a body with only 8 major parts!
A car that is lighter yet sturdier—
swifter yet safer—simpler yet smarter
in line and design.

A marvel on the road and a beauty at
the curb. Big, roomy, luxurious—and
performance champion of its class!

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Cumberland

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Reiva are spending their vacation at Wiggins, Colo.

The Cumberland Band held their annual picnic at Bear Lake, July 4, later going to Montpelier and giving a band concert there during the ball game.



Mitchel Boam returning from his first day at work. Mitchel is the oldest son of Mrs. Peter Boam, Jr., and is learning to be a mechanic at the Ogden Shops in Utah.

Mrs. Fred Robinson has returned from Evanston, Wyo.

William McIntosh and family visited friends in Cumberland during the month.

Matt Morrow and bride of Superior spent part of their honeymoon visiting Mr. Morrow's parents.

Mrs. Elwood Huffman and Mrs. Clem Eyre are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wilde.

Little Bud Titmus received a slight fracture of the skull, when he was thrown from the car.

Mrs. T. H. Tremelling has been able to return home from the Kemmerer Hospital.

A baby shower was held at the home of Mrs. Wright Walker, Thursday, July 12th, in honor of her baby daughter, Della. Mrs. John Brown and Mrs. Pope Walsh were hostesses.

John Della Lucia is in the Kemmerer Hospital, recovering from injuries he received from a fall of rock.

Mrs. Fred Robinson

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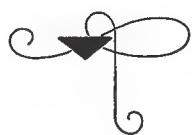
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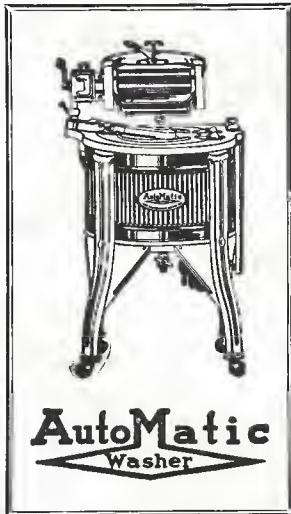
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